

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; containing his Speeches in Parliament; a Considerable Portion of his Correspondence, when Secretary of State, upon French, Spanish, and American Affairs, never before published; with an Account of the Principal Events and Persons of his Time, connected with his Life, Sentiments, and Administrations. By the Rev. FRANCIS THACKERAY, A. M. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1282. London, 1827. Livingtons.

It is no light task which he undertakes who proposes to delineate, in a faithful and worthy manner, the life of a distinguished and talented statesman, even when, from the abundance of materials, the comparatively unimportant history of the period, or any other circumstance, his labour may be considered as in no small degree alleviated; for then he is able to afford as complete a view of the whole life as may be desirable, or the public expectation is not raised to so high a pitch, that any great disappointment would be the result of that expectation not having been fully realized: but, on the contrary, when materials are few relating to interesting parts of the life, and yet the period deeply interesting, the office of a biographer is one which cannot be discharged without much apprehension on his part, and a moral certainty of excited disappointment on the part of his reader.

Fifty years have now elapsed since the death of the great Earl of Chatham, and yet no memoir of him has made its appearance; though, whether we consider his generally wise counsels, his inflexible integrity, his astonishing firmness and intrepidity, his great power of oratory, or his more private virtues, we should have imagined that, long before this, some worthy literary record would have been paid to his memory. The Anecdotes of his Life, published by an anonymous hand, Archdeacon Coxe, who has had access to the papers and documents of the times, declares to be a 'wretched compilation, principally drawn from newspapers and party pamphlets, and interspersed, perhaps, with a few anecdotes, communicated in desultory conversations by Earl Temple.' It was reserved for Mr. Thackeray first to labour in a cause so honourable to himself, and so entitled to the attention of the whole British empire. The parliament of this country expressed their sense of Mr. Pitt's loss; and, we are sure, the endeavour to bring back the recollection of a man so venerated will be hailed with interest, and encouraged by a patriotic people. But from causes, alluded to in the beginning of this review, Mr. T. labours

under considerable difficulty. It is true he has had access to the documents and papers preserved in the State Paper Office, which are numerous and important; he has also been indefatigably diligent in collecting, and he has collected together, a mass of information from other quarters. But, notwithstanding this, it is to be lamented that, with regard to some portions of the life of his illustrious subject, he has not been able to give those details which would naturally be looked for. Thus the account, particularly, of the earlier years of the Earl of Chatham's life, is extremely meagre and unsatisfactory; and it remains for some future biographer, from family and other papers, if in existence, to fill up such deficiencies as occur; and, from the whole of the documents preserved relative to this great man, to weave one uniform and consistent memoir.

According to his means, Mr. T. has done what he could to present before his readers a full account of one of the greatest of statesmen, and most powerful of speakers: and, with a tender regard for his great subject, he has been careful of impressing them with inadequate or degrading ideas of his eloquence; presuming in no case to alter the argument or the thought, but only adapting the phraseology to as correct a resemblance of Pitt's style, as possible. It was a great error in that day to prohibit newspapers and magazines from containing the debates and proceedings of the houses of parliament; thus a wide door was opened for the diffusion of imperfect and even false statements of sentiments delivered by the speakers on various subjects; and the leading periodicals were obliged to conceal names by recourse to harsh anagrams or Roman appellations; the former was the plan pursued by the Gentleman's, and the latter by the London Magazine.

W. Pitt, the second son of Robert Pitt, esq. of Boconnock, Cornwall, the grandson of Thomas Pitt, esq., governor of Madras, and afterwards member of parliament for Old Sarum, and governor of Jamaica, who is remembered for having sold a diamond to the king of France for £135,000†, was born on November 15th, 1708. He received his early education at Eton, under Dean Bland, and had, at that seminary of eminent men, for his companions, George, afterwards Lord Lyttleton; Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Henry Field-

* A history of England, chiefly founded on these authorities, is a national desideratum.

† It weighed 127 carats. Allowing for the expenses of sale, &c., Mr. Pitt received about £125,000, having originally given for it £20,400. This diamond, however, was insignificant to the one sent from the Brazils to the King of Portugal, in 1746, which is said to have weighed 1680 carats (12½ ozs.) and was valued at £224,000,000.

ing, &c. Here he was attacked by that painful and dangerous malady, the gout, which never forsook him, but no bar did this prove in the way of intellectual improvement; on the contrary, his mental superiority increased with added years. He was admitted of Oxford, January 10th, 1726, and devoted his time, while at that seat of learning, chiefly to historical and classical pursuits. Lord Chesterfield thought, that if he had applied himself to poetry, he would have excelled. His disorder, obliging him to leave the university, he travelled in France and Italy, but with no benefit to his health. When returned from the continent it was time for him to think of a profession,—for his patrimony was inadequate for his support; his income was fixed by Lord Chesterfield, at £100. per annum. He was one of two sons, but he had five sisters, and his property could not be estimated at above £4000. An opportunity, in 1735, occurred of his coming into parliament; his brother, who had wealth, and much borough influence, having been elected for Old Sarum, and also for Oakhampton, gave up the former, for which the young Pitt was returned; and, that his income might be augmented, he obtained a cornetcy in the regiment of Blues. But though his talents were sufficient to procure for him a large portion of military renown, yet such an employment ill suited a mind which required ever to be in action. In parliament, he chose for his associates George Lyttleton, member for Oakhampton, and Richard Grenville, afterwards Earl Temple, member for Buckingham; all closely connected by marriage: Sir Thomas, the father of George Lyttleton, having married Christian, one of the daughters of Lord Cobham, and Richard Grenville's father having married Hester, the other sister, and Thomas, the brother of Pitt, being married to Christian, George Lyttleton's sister.

Having now introduced Mr. Pitt into public life, we will pause in our review of these interesting volumes—with a few extracts, chiefly from his speeches and letters.

Walpole was at that time the minister; to whom Mr. Pitt and his friends were opposed, with the Prince of Wales. An arrangement having been made for the prince's marriage with Augusta, Princess of Saxe-Gotha, it was solemnized on the 27th of April, 1736. On this occasion an address of congratulation was moved to the throne; and a cotemporary historian describes the speech (the first which he delivered) of Mr. Pitt, as superior even to the models of antient eloquence. We here present before our readers two or three passages. But Mr. T. reminds us, before we read it, of the necessity

of keeping in view the personal and organic excellencies of this vehement orator:—

“If the remark of Demosthenes respecting the pre-eminent advantages of pronunciation possess any truth, it was never more completely verified than in the instance of Mr. Pitt. “His voice was both full and clear; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate. He then had spirit-stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort.” As to person, nature had stamped more forcibly on no man the impression of an orator. His figure was tall and manly, and the ordinary spectator was struck with the grace and dignity of his look and deportment. But the eye was his most wonderful feature. It is neither the language of romance nor of exaggeration to say that the keen lightning of that eye often blasted the courage of the most intrepid of his opponents. Its other powers were peculiar and unrivalled, and the fascination of its glance was such, that few could withstand it.” * * *

Now for the extracts:—

“The marriage of a Prince of Wales, sir, has at all times been a matter of the highest importance to the public welfare, to present to future generations. But at no time (if a character at once amiable and respectable, can embellish and even dignify, the elevated rank of a Prince of Wales,) has it been a more important,—a dearer consideration than at this day. Were it not a sort of presumption to follow so great a personage through his hours of retirement; to view him in the milder light of domestic life, we should find him engaged in the noble exercise of humanity, benevolence, and every social virtue. But, sir, however pleasing, however captivating such a scene may be, yet, as it is a private one, I fear I should offend the delicacy of that virtue to which I so ardently desire to do justice, were I to offer it to the consideration of this house. But, sir, filial duty to his royal parents, a generous love of liberty, and a just reverence of the British constitution—these are public virtues, and cannot escape the applause and benedictions of the public. These are virtues, sir, which render his royal highness, not only a noble ornament, but a firm support, if any could possibly be wanting, of that throne so greatly filled by his royal father.

“I have been led to say thus much of his royal highness's character, because it is the consideration of that character which, above all things, enforces the justice and goodness of his majesty in the measure now before us—a measure which the nation thought could never be taken too soon, because it brings with it the promise of an additional strength to the Protestant succession in his majesty's illustrious and royal house. The spirit of liberty dictated that succession, the same spirit now rejoices in the prospect of its being perpetuated to latest posterity. It rejoices in the wise and happy choice which his majesty has been pleased to make of a princess so amiably distinguished in herself, so illustrious in the merit of her family, the glory of whose great ancestor it is to have sacrificed himself in the noblest cause for which a prince can draw his sword—the cause of liberty and the Protestant religion.

“Such, sir, is the marriage, for which our most humble acknowledgments are due to his

majesty. May it afford the comfort of seeing the royal family, numerous as, I thank God, it is, still growing and rising up into a third generation! A family, sir, which I most earnestly hope may be as immortal as those liberties and that constitution which they came to maintain. Sir, I am heartily for the motion.”

Who remembers not to have read of the interesting scenes at Lord Cobham's palace of Stowe? and Hammond's description:—

“To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair, In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care— There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm, With mild advice my listening grief shall charm,

With sense to counsel, and with wit to please, A Roman's virtue, with a courtier's ease.”

Mr. T. says, the following anecdote, related by Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, is ‘beyond doubt authenticated:—

“The Prince of Wales and Mr. Pitt were walking in the gardens of Stowe, apart from the general company, who followed them at some distance. They were engaged in earnest conversation, when Lord Cobham expressed his apprehension to one of his guests that Mr. Pitt would draw the prince into some measures of which his lordship disapproved. The gentleman observed, that the *tête-à-tête* could not be of long duration. ‘Sir,’ said Lord Cobham, with eagerness, ‘you don't know Mr. Pitt's talent of insinuation; in a very short quarter of an hour, he can persuade any one of any thing.’”

After Walpole's resignation, his enemies would not be satisfied without his impeachment; and there are two speeches here inserted at length, in support of Lord Limerick's motions for an inquiry into his conduct. Alluding to the corruption charged on Walpole, Pitt's language is,—

“I am surprised to hear it said that no enquiry ought to be set on foot, unless it is known that some public crime has been committed. Sir, the suspicion, that a crime has been committed, has always been deemed sufficient reason for instituting an enquiry. And is there not now a suspicion that the public money has been applied towards gaining a corrupt influence at elections? Is it not become a common expression: “The flood-gates of the Treasury are opened against a general election?” I desire no more than that every gentleman who is conscious that such practices have been resorted to, either for or against him, should give his vote in favour of the motion. Will any gentleman say that this is no crime, when even private corruption has such high penalties, inflicted by express statute against it? Sir, a minister who commits this crime—who thus abuses the public money, adds breach of trust to the crime of corruption; and as the crime, when committed by him, is of much more dangerous consequence than when committed by a private man, it becomes more properly the object of a parliamentary inquiry, and merits the severest punishment. The honourable gentleman may with much more reason tell us that Porteous was never murdered by the mob at Edinburgh, because, notwithstanding the high reward as well as pardon proffered, his murderers were never discovered, than tell us that we cannot suppose our minister, either personally or by others, has ever corrupted an election, because no information has been brought against him. Sir, nothing but a pardon, upon the conviction of the offender, has ever yet been offered in this case; and how could any

informer expect a pardon, and much less a reward, when he knew that the very man against whom he was to inform, had not only the distribution of all public rewards, but the packing of a jury or parliament against him? Whilst such a minister preserves the favour of the crown, and thereby the exercise of its power, this information can never be expected.

“This shows, sir, the impotence of the act, mentioned by the honourable gentleman, respecting that sort of corruption which is called bribery. With regard to the other sort of corruption, which consists in giving or taking away those posts, pensions, or preferments, which depend upon the arbitrary will of the crown, the act is still more inefficient. Although it would be considered most indecent in a minister to tell any man that he gave or withheld a post, pension, or preferment, on account of his voting for or against any ministerial measure in parliament, or any ministerial candidate at an election; yet, if he makes it his constant rule never to give a post, pension, or preferment, but to those who vote for his measures and his candidates; if he makes a few examples of dismissing those who vote otherwise, it will have the same effect as when he openly declares it. Will any gentleman say that this has not been the practice of the minister? Has he not declared, in the face of this house, that he will continue the practice? And will not this have the same effect as if he went separately to every particular man, and told him in express terms, “Sir, if you vote for such a measure or such a candidate, you shall have the first preferment in the gift of the crown; if you vote otherwise, you must not expect to keep what you have.” Gentlemen may deny that the sun shines at noon-day; but if they have eyes, and do not wilfully shut them, or turn their backs, no man will believe them to be ingenuous in what they say. I think, therefore, that the honourable gentleman was in the right who endeavoured to justify the practice. It was more candid than to deny it—but as his arguments have already been fully answered, I shall not farther discuss them.”

Horace Walpole, who defended his father, tells us of an observation of Mr. Pitt:—

“How very commendable it was in Mr. Walpole thus to defend his father. His speech must have made an impression on the house. But if it was becoming in him to remember that he was the child of the accused, it behoved also the house to remember that they were the children of their country. “It was a great compliment from him,” adds Mr. Walpole, “and very artful too.”

In some admirable letters of Mr. Pitt to his nephew, he is seen in his capacity of a private individual. Will not our readers thank us for a few extracts?

“You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend; I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned. *Macte tua virtute*: go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough to your age, the

love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgences he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. "*Vitanda est Improbata Siren, Desidia*," I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of, and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days.'

'I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction; which is, to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight, crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessities, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truths, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done, (no matter how vainly and weakly,) the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them, and submitting, for life, the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good breeding: if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure.'

'I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man; the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? if it be, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise: *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit*. If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend.'

'As to politeness; many have attempted definitions of it; I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it, benevolence in trifles, or the preference of

others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly, occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is it, but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others?'

'Bowing, ceremonies, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble.'

'I like the observation from Locke, that we must use our own reason, not that of another, if we would deal fairly by ourselves, and hope to enjoy a peaceful and contented conscience. This precept is truly worthy of the dignity of rational creatures. But here, my dear child, let me offer one distinction to you, and it is of much moment, it is this: Mr. Locke's precept is applicable only to such opinions as regard moral or religious obligations, and which as such our own consciences alone can judge and determine for ourselves, matters of mere expediency, that affect neither honour, morality, or religion, were not in that great and wise man's view; such are the usages, forms, manners, modes, proprieties, decorum, and all those numberless ornamental little acquirements, and genteel well-bred attentions, which constitute a proper, graceful, amiable, and noble behaviour.'

'I can repeat nothing to you of so infinite consequence to your future welfare, as to conjure you not to be hasty in taking up notions and opinions: guard your honest and ingenuous mind against this main danger of youth: with regard to all things, that appear not to your reason, after due examination, evident duties of honour, morality, or religion, (and in all such as do, let your conscience and reason determine your notions and conduct,) in all other matters, I say, be slow to form opinions, keep your mind in a candid state of suspense, and open to full conviction when you shall procure it, using in the mean time the experience of a friend you can trust, the sincerity of whose advice you will try and prove by your own experience hereafter, when more years shall have given it to you.'

(To be continued.)

Treatise upon the Origin of Language, from the German of J. T. VON HERDER. 8vo. London, 1827.

A LEARNED Englishman, who is pleased to conceal his name, proposes to translate from the German, in the hope of making them popular in England, a series of philosophical treatises, chosen from among those which possess the most decided reputation in a country that has given birth to very many eminent men, whose abilities reflect a lustre upon European literature. The undertaking is a fine one, for the exchange of the labours of the mind is the commerce that confers most advantage on mankind. And we may say, that it has been well begun. The *Treatise upon the Origin of Language*, by the celebrated Herder, is the commencement of the series of works which the translator proposes successively to lay before the friends of virtue and truth. This sketch, trifling in point of length, is remarkable for the force of analysis, the depth of thought, and for a fund of erudition at once vast and select. The author first asks himself, if man, aided by his natural faculties alone, can form a language for himself?—And next, by what means man can attain this, and with success? His fun-

damental idea is, language arose with the first spark of consciousness; and he penetrates into the subject matter, and furnishes his problems with a solution so full of perspicacity and ingenuity, that he commands the conviction of his readers by the gentle and innocent violence of enlightened reason. There is frequently an obscurity in the style, and still more frequently are there assertions advanced in too absolute and decisive a tone: but these are the two great defects of the German schools; with respect, however, to the latter, we are compensated by the reflection, that these dictatorial opinions are engendered less by blind and doctrinal pretension, than by that interior conviction which gives the writer both strength and boldness, when he is sincerely convinced that he has seized upon the truth at the very bottom of her sanctuary.

What will be the next works the author will publish, as he continues his collection? His first choice, undoubtedly, gives us confidence in those that are to follow. But we will not dissimulate our apprehensions. The German philosophers have their good and bad side. So long as they attach themselves to realities, they eminently concur in enriching science with new treasures: but when they betake themselves to rambling among mystical abstractions, and to floating in the clouds, without ever descending to cultivate a single truth useful to the world; Science suffers from it, because she is then threatened to be smothered, as it were, by retrograde motions. England ought not to resign this really national glory, the claims to which were conferred upon her by Bacon and Locke. England contains a people whom political liberty renders active, and who will never become contemplative, unless they relapse into slavery. The philosophy that suits them, is that which results from experience. When we call to mind the triumph of popularity of Reid, when he overturned the attempts of Berkeley, there is no great reason to suspect that the delicious idealism of those foreign intelligences will ever take very deep root here. Dugald Stewart still lives, and the opposition of the school of Edinburgh is not to be despised. Let the learned translator think seriously on the success of his undertaking—let him decidedly prefer those works whose positive doctrines are clearly connected with the realities of life. The character of Herder's abilities has been defined by him in the following terms:—'Herder is equally free from too flighty speculation, and from that deep immersion in the spiritual realm, which is incompatible with perspicuity, and which, from deviating too far into the sphere of mere possibility, loses sight of all reality. Herder's ideas flow rapidly and decidedly; they furnish continual novelty in his views, and, proceeding upon the basis of history and nature, adhere to what is intelligible and true, as presented to the mind of man by every thing around him, which, like his own nature, is both finite and infinite.' This judgment is correct, and the *Treatise upon the Origin of Language*, by this estimable philosopher, proves it clearly. Such and similar selections will ensure him the approbation of the public. Should he choose to

introduce us to the writings of Kant, we recommend him to abandon to the visionaries of eastern Europe the many metaphysical reveries that have enveloped science in shades of intense darkness, and translate for us his magnificent *Essay on the Beautiful*, taking care, be it understood, to suppress that passage, where he thunders against the race of the Negroes in a manner so unworthy an honest man, a Christian, and philosopher.

The Epicurean: a Tale. By THOMAS MOORE. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

WE would have introduced to our readers, at an earlier period, this very superior tale, from the pen of the talented T. MOORE, had we not been quite sure of its immediate procurement by numerous individuals; and perceived the excited interest of the public in some degree satisfied, almost immediately upon its publication. As there may be many, however, who may not yet have made themselves acquainted with this small but delightful volume, we shall attempt to afford them that gratification, and a high gratification we suspect it will be: for how high soever Moore has shone in his other works, surely in this he excels himself. We know of nothing to equal it, considering the intense interest of the tale itself, the knowledge displayed by its author, the beauty and sublimity of the language and imagery, and the striking and important moral lessons which are and may be educed from it. From the perusal of some of our author's works, we have risen with a sort of satiety, wearied with revelling among scenes of cloudless splendour; but here we have little fault of this kind to attach; the volume is what we would have wished it to have been, chaste, simple, and yet impassioned; the mind is not fatigued, the interest not exhausted, and, at last, when the curtain drops, we feel sensibly edified, and desirous of another such treat as is here afforded. Mr. M. has procured for himself true and immortal honour. But proceed we to describe the tale, and to give some illustrative specimens.

The subjects of this tale are Alciphron and Alethe. The former, brought up in the school of Epicurus, and chosen for its head, devotes himself to those intoxicating pleasures, which are damped by the apprehension of their short duration; he is favoured with a vision, by which he is informed that he might find the 'eternal life' he sought, by a visit to the shores of the dark Nile. He leaves Athens, arrives at Alexandria, A.D. 257, and thence proceeds to Memphis, where he meets with Alethe, the lovely priestess of Isis,—pursues her from place to place, and, at last, finds her in a chapel bending over an altar of granite, and kissing with religious fervour the lifeless figure of her mother, enshrined within a crystal case. But, again, he loses her, and falls into the power of the priests, fondly persuading himself, however, 'some propitious chance might bring him near the object of his adoration.' And not a vain hope; for, when his initiation had proceeded nearly to its close, Alethe appears; and they both escape to the light, leave Lake Mœris, and direct their course for Sais: 'the morning being in its first freshness, and when the

path of the breeze might be traced over the lake, waking up its waters from the sleep of the night; when the gay, golden winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the lake, while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave.' Alethe's mother had been secretly a Christian, and the principles of Christianity had been instilled into the youthful mind of the daughter; hence her endeavour to forsake the superstitions of her forefathers. They proceed towards the abode of an anchorite on 'the eastern bank of the Nile, north of Antioe, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood which for ages has borne the name of the Mountain of the Birds;' according to the instructions of her mother. Alciphron's attachment strengthens by intercourse, and before they are arrived at the hermitage, he declares himself a convert to her faith. He is betrothed to Alethe by the hermit, but—there is no lasting bliss on earth—persecution rages, and Alethe is to be dragged to martyrdom.

We cannot make many extracts; a few will suffice to show the character of the book. Describing a festival day in the Epicurean Garden, the author says:—

'The lighter part of learning,—that portion of its attic honey, for which the bee is not obliged to go very deep into the flower,—was zealously cultivated. Even here, however, the student had to encounter distractions, which are, of all others, least favourable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the garden, taking his picture from the life, described:—

'As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below,
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'ershadow all the page.'

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the garden was illuminated with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre. Between two of these boats a perpetual combat was maintained;—their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros; the former, the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the evening their conflict was carried on with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept from his more lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other continually assailed him, but which luckily falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the flowers upon which they fell, and were extinguished.'

In that part of the work referring to the celebration of the Festival of the Moon at Memphis, we meet with some fine passages, which we will extract, after giving a little description of the temple itself;

'On a little island, half way over between

the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore stood the temple of that goddess,

'Whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams,
Not the cold Dian of the north, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins;
But she, who haunts the gay, Bubastian grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
Nothing on earth to match that heav'n but love!'

'Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts, and hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived, like a Nile bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island temple of the Moon.

'The rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had she risen upon a scene more beautiful. Memphis, still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through so many centuries,—now, softened by the moonlight that harmonised with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like a dream of glory that was soon to pass away. Ruin, even now, was but too visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert gained upon her like a sea; and, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all that now flourished around, should fall beneath his desolating hand, like the rest.'

Arrived at the grand vestibule of the temple, he found the ceremonies commenced:—

'In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open overhead to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted,—there being but one lamp of naphtha on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a distinct view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.'

'There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, by the beat of the castanet, some, by the shrill ring of the sistrum,—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis,—harmoniously timed the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sisterns, produced a wild, but not displeasing harmony.

'They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it,—who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my attention. I knew not why, but there was a something in those half seen features,—a charm in the very shadow, that hung over their imagined beauty,—which took me more than all the out-shining loveliness of her companions. So enchanted was my fancy by this coy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided round the altar, gently and aerially, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

‘Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard;—the massy gates of the temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

‘It was then,—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden’s features, as, starting at the blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and, as suddenly, let fall their lids again,—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so far. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming as suddenly as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being;—and had that vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.’

We could willingly, had we room, extract largely from the extremely interesting portion of Mr. Moore’s work, describing the initiation of Alciphron in the Egyptian mysteries; but, delivered from the power of the priests, we will present him together with Alethe. After leaving Lake Mœris—

‘The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure-house;—while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses, for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

‘The activity of the morning hour was visible every where. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had roosted all night in some date tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked freshly awakened;—and, most of all, the superb lotus, which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

‘Such were the scenes that now passed before my eyes, and mingled with the reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept over the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days appeared to be one series of wonders, yet by far the most miraculous wonder of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wildfire into my heart,—whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared any thing on earth to obtain its object,—was now sleeping sacredly in that small pavilion; while guarding her, even from myself, I lay calmly at its threshold.’

Our next extract must describe Alciphron professing himself a Christian:

‘We had proceeded for some time through a

gloomy defile, when, at a distance before us, among the rocks on which the moonlight fell, we perceived, upon a ledge but little elevated above the canal, a small hut or cave, which, from a tree or two planted around it, had some appearance of being the abode of a human being. “This, then,” thought I, “is the home to which Alethe is destined!”—A chill of despair came again over my heart, and the oars, as I gazed, lay motionless in my hand.

‘I found Alethe, too, whose eyes had caught the same object, drawing closer to my side than she had yet ventured. Laying her hand agitatedly upon mine, “We must here,” she said, “part for ever.” I turned to her as she spoke; there was a tenderness, a despondency in her countenance, that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. “Part!” I exclaimed passionately,—“No!—the same God shall receive us both. Thy faith, Alethe, shall, from this hour, be mine, and I will live and die in this desert with thee!”

‘Her surprise, her delight, at these words, was like a momentary delirium. The wild anxious smile with which she looked into my face, as if to ascertain whether she had, indeed, heard my words aright, bespoke a happiness too much for reason to bear. At length the fulness of her heart found relief in tears; and, murmuring forth an incoherent blessing on my name, she let her head fall languidly and powerlessly on my arm. The light from our boat-fire shone upon her face. I saw her eyes, which she had closed for a moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and—merciful Providence, how I remember that moment!—was on the point of bending down my lips towards her, when, suddenly, in the air above our heads, as if it came from heaven, there burst forth a strain from a choir of voices, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.’

We shall close with the account of Alethe’s last days. Alciphron visits her in prison—

‘The dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer,—the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter, in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice,—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her. Shrinking from me as I spoke,—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach,—“What, thou, too!” she said mournfully,—“thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own! Oh, be not thou leagued with those who would tempt me to “make shipwreck of my faith!” Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded,—die for the truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us,—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it;—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love? No, my own betrothed,” she continued, pointing to the two rings on her finger, “behold these pledges,—they are both sacred.

I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass tomorrow, make me worthy to be heard before the Throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that “inheritance, immortal and undefiled,” which Mercy offers, and that thou, my dear mother, and I”—She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished; and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness, like the coming of death, that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips,—“Believe me,” she continued, “not all the torments they are preparing for me,—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal,—could be half so dreadful to me as the thought that I leave thee.” Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry I know not; but the tribune came rushing into the chamber, and looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, “It is but too true!” He then told me, in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian’s brow was—oh horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison, the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath,—but it would not come away—it would not come away! Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having prest it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine; and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.’

Mont Blanc, and other Poems. By MARY ANNE BROWNE, in her fifteenth year. 8vo. pp. 177. London, 1827. Hatchard.

WHEN a young creature, whose natal destiny had placed her in rustic obscurity, surrounded only by, at least, comparatively illiterate association, by the mere accident of meeting with a few occasional volumes of poetry, feels, or thinks she feels the kindlings of the muse, attracts attention by her infantile effusions, and is called forth by lavish commendation and indulgent patronage to venture on the wide and hazardous sea of literary adventure, (and such, we understand, is the history of the production of the present volume), criticism is disarmed of its severity; and if it points its animadversions for any other purpose than that of kindly assisting the progress of genius, and warning against the errors that might blight its blossoms or pervert its growth, it marks rather its malignity, than performs its guardian duty. Extravagant praise and unqualified applause, are however, in such a case still more cruel and injurious

than even austere severity, since they not only awaken hopes that may never be realised, but which disqualify the mind for contentment with humbler pursuits, and tend to incapacitate it for the attainment for higher aspirations.

It was from considerations of this description, that we passed from the title page of our young authoress, and the injudicious preface of an admiring friend, to the examination of the poems so pompously commended, with a determination not to let our wonder supersede our judgment, or our sympathy for youth and sex betray us into a partiality which, while it imparted a temporary gratification, might ultimately be injurious to both. Our precaution, however, did not so far chill those sympathies as to render us insensible to the evidences of premature taste and genius which these little poems every where present; and we scruple not to pronounce that, in almost every page, we met with indications of a mind which judicious criticism and favourable circumstances may probably mature to poetic excellence of no subordinate description: though at the same time in every page we met with something, also, which maturer judgment might have corrected and improved; and occasionally, we lighted upon an effusion which might perhaps have been as well rejected altogether.

In such a publication, however, ushered into the world under such circumstances, it is not the merit of individual compositions, or even, in their existing state, the merit of the whole, that ought to be the principal object of estimation, but the degree of promise that may be discoverable in them of future and better things: and in this point of view we should be unjust indeed, if we did not acknowledge that the perusal of this volume afforded us considerable gratification. The faults of Miss Browne are those inevitable to such extreme youth and avowed inexperience, and perhaps of too dazzled an admiration of some popular but exceptionable models; her merits are those of a mind obviously susceptible to poetical sentiment and feeling, and finely attuned to the moral and social sympathies that constitute the best, and we will add the frequent grace and ornament of her sex.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the subjects and execution of these subjects, is the range and extent through which these sympathies are obviously directed. For the musings of Miss Browne are not like those of the generality of poetesses in their teens, confined to one passion or one object; they do not all centre in or emanate from self; nor is her subject always love, still love, echoed from the lyrics of Thomas Moore, or inspired by the perusal of the oracles of the Minerva press. Miss Browne steps out of herself, and writes more frequently in an assumed than in her personal character; witness, among many others, the beautiful little poem (p. 42) 'From a Wife to her Husband in Adversity,' where the sentiment is so true to the subject, and so tenderly and so naturally touched, that one scarcely knows how to persuade oneself that it is the production of a young creature only in her *fifteenth* year. Miss B. does, however, in page 32, &c. sing

of 'Loves,' but it is in the strain of moral sentiment rather than of impassioned feeling, and it is Urania, not Eros or Anteros, that inspires her.

But the poem exhibits, in so fair a light, both the merits and defects of our young poetess, that we will quote it entire; as it will give us an opportunity, by a few remarks on the epithets, &c., which we mark with italics, to point out in few words the errors which she has principally to guard against.

'LOVES.'

'There is a love by nature fix'd,
Deep planted in the human heart;
It is a feeling pure—unmix'd—
That cannot from the breast depart.
'It is the love the mother bears
To the sweet babe she lulls to rest—
The object of her tenderest cares—
The fondest thought that warms her breast.
'There is a love, so fond, so true,
No art the magic tie can sever;—
'Tis ever beauteous, ever new;—
Its chain once link'd, is link'd for ever.
'It is the first delightful thrill
That *dawns* within the maiden's heart,
That *Time's cold wing can never chill*,
Or *force its silver tie apart*.
'There is a love, a passionate beam,
Too fond, too warm, too bright to last,—
The frenzy of a fever'd dream,
That burns a moment—then is past.
'Tis like the lightning's lurid glare,
That *streams its blaze* of fatal light—
Flames for an instant through the air,—
Then *sinks* away in deepest night.
'There is a love, whose feeling rolls
In pure unruffled calmness on,
The meeting of congenial souls,
Of hearts whose currents flow in one.
'It is a blessing that is felt
But by united minds that flow,
As sunbeams into sunbeams melt,
To light a frozen world below.
'There is a love, that o'er the war
Of jarring passions pours its light—
And sheds its influence, like a star
That brightest burns in darkest night.
'It is a love but known to those
Who, hand in hand, amidst the strife,
Together have withstood their foes,
Together shared the storms of life.
'It is so true, so fix'd, so strong,
It parts not with the parting breath;
In the soul's flight 'tis borne along,
And holds the heart's strings, e'en in death.
'Tis never *quenched by sorrow's tide*;—
No! 'tis a *flame* caught from above,—
A *tie* that death cannot divide—
'Tis the *bright torch* of wedded love.
'But there is one love, not of earth,
Though sullied by the streaming tear;—
It is a star of heavenly birth,
And only shines unshaken *there*.
'Tis when this clay resigns its breath,
And the soul quits its frail abode,—
That rising from the bed of death,
This love is pure—the love of God.'

Miss B. it seems has never been warned of that essential principle of rhetorical composition, that when a metaphor is adopted the language must be true to it throughout, and the image consistent and entire; feelings are not objects of vision, and flames are not links or

ligatures: for here in the fourth stanza, we have a *thrill* that dawns; and then this *dawning thrill* beomes a *silver tie* so warm as to be incapable of being *chilled* by the *cold wing* of time, or to be *forced apart* by the said *cold wing**. *Streaming a blaze*, and lightening *sinking* in night, though not equally censurable are yet scarcely admissible phrases. Again, further on, quenching a flame *by sorrow's tide*, borders on bombast, and is scarcely admissible in point of construction, even if bad had not been made worse by the protean metamorphoe of the said flame, in the two ensuing lines, first into a *tie* again, and again into a bright torch. These are blemishes that need only to be pointed out that they may be shunned: but they are faults that turn what might else be poetical beauty into sheer nonsense: and Miss Browne, if she means to occupy a permanent place in the temple of the muses, must cultivate her judgment as well as indulge her fancy. With such culture, we think it highly probable that time and practice may entitle her to honourable distinction among the poetesses of the age; and there are sufficient symptoms enough of native good sense, and incipient taste, to encourage the hope that critical admonition, kindly intended, may not be thrown away upon her. Even, such as it is, her present volume may be read with considerable pleasure.

ARNOTT'S ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS.

(Concluded from p. 472.)

WE think our readers will not be displeased, by our inserting a few more passages from Dr. Arnott's work, which we, again, recommend to their perusal:—

'*Gradual change of the earth's surface produced by running water.*—If a small lake or extensive mill-pond, with very uneven bottom, were suddenly emptied by a sluice or opening in its lowest part, a vast number of pits or pools of various size and shape would be left among the inequalities of the bottom. But supposing rain to continue falling, or frequently to recur, a remarkable change would soon be effected; each pool by running over at its lowest part, and sending out a streamlet either into another lower pool, or into a channel leading directly to the sluice or opening, would be wearing away the part or side over which the water were running, so that the breach or channel would become gradually deeper, and the water in the pool would consequently become shallower; while, at the same time, the bottom would be filling up with the sand or mud washed down by the rain from the elevations around: and these two operations being continued, the pool would at last disappear altogether. This operation going on in every pool through the whole of the emptied mill-pond, the bottom would at last exhibit only a varied and undulated surface of dry land, with a beautiful arrangement of ramifying channels, all sloping with a precision unattainable by art, to the general mouth or estuary. The reason that in the supposed case, and in every other, a water course soon becomes so singularly uniform as to dimension and descent, is, that any pits or hollows in it are soon filled up by the sand

* Time may be said to have a chilling or a withering effect, though not upon a tie: but to say that his wing is cold, outrages of itself the just bounds of metaphorical language.

and mud carried along in the stream, and deposited where the current is slack; while any elevations are worn away by the action of the more rapid current which accompanies shallowness, until throughout the whole line only a uniform and gradual slope remains.

The present kingdom of Bohemia, for instance, is the bottom of one of the great lakes which once covered Europe. It is a basin or amphitheatre, formed by circular ridges of mountains, and the only gate or opening to it, is that remarkable one by which the water escapes from it, and which has evidently been gradually cut or formed by the action of a running stream. As the bottom became uncovered by the sinking of the water, and by the formation of a regular sloping channel from every part, the former lake was converted into a fine and fertile country, a fit habitation for man; and the continued drain from it is the beautiful river which we now call the Elbe.

In Switzerland, even now many of the valleys which were formerly lakes, have the opening for the exit of water so narrow, that, as happened in one of them a few years ago, a mass of snow or ice falling into it, converts the valley once more into a lake. On the occasion alluded to, the accumulation of water within was very rapid; and although, from the danger foreseen to the country below if the impediment should suddenly give way, every means was tried to remove it gradually, the attempt had not succeeded when the frightful burst took place, and involved all below in common ruin.

The magnificent Danube is the drain of a chain of basins or lakes, which must at one time have discharged or run over one into another, but the continued stream cutting a passage at last low enough to empty them all, they are now regions of fertility, occupied by civilized man, instead of the fishes which held them formerly. This operation is still going on in all the lakes of the earth. The lake of Geneva, for instance, although confined by granite rock, is cutting and lowering its outlet, and the surface has fallen considerably within the period of accurate observation and records; and the wearings of the neighbouring mountains, brought down by the winter torrents, are filling up its bed. If the town of Geneva last long enough, its inhabitants will have to speak of the river in the neighbouring valley, instead of the picturesque lake which now fills it. Already several other towns and villages, which were close upon the lake a century ago, have fields and gardens appearing between them and the shore.

The immense continent of Australasia, or New Holland, (larger than Europe) is supposed by some to have been formed at a different time from what is called the old world; so different and peculiar are many of its animal and vegetable productions; and the idea of a later formation receives some countenance, from the immense tracts of marshy or imperfectly drained land which have been discovered in the interior, into which rivers flow, but which seem not yet to have worn down or formed a sufficient outlet or discharging channel towards the ocean.

Warming and ventilating houses.—Excellent fuel is so cheap in Britain, owing to the profusion with which beds of rich coal are scattered among the mineral treasures of this favoured portion of the earth, that a careless expenditure has arisen; which, however, instead of securing the comfort and health that might be expected, has led to plans of warming that often prove destructive of both. In cold coun-

tries, where fuel is more scarce, as in the north of continental Europe, and where, to retain and preserve the heat once obtained, the inhabitants use thick walls, double windows, close joinings, and close stoves or fire-places, which have no communication with the apartments, but draw their supply of air from without, that the temperate air of the room may not be wasted,—these means, when sufficient ventilation is added, prove very favourable to health, by giving a uniform and temperate warmth, instead of extremes and fluctuations. But in England, the apartments, with their open chimnies, may be compared to great aerial funnels, constantly pouring out their warm air through a large opening, and constantly requiring to be replenished; and where, from the irregularity of the supply or of the discharge, the temperature is constantly fluctuating.

By the close stove and apartment fuel is saved to a great extent—they also produce a uniformity of temperature; first, as regards the different parts of the room, so that the occupiers may sit any where; and secondly, as regards the different times of the day; for the stove once heated in the morning, often suffices to maintain a steady warmth until night; the heat can be carried to any required degree, and ventilation is easily effected as desired. * *

Consumption is the disease which carries off a fifth or more of the persons born in Britain, owing in part, no doubt, to the changeableness of the climate, but much more to the faulty modes of warming and ventilating the houses. To judge of the influence of temperature in producing this disease, we may consider—that miners who live under ground, and are always, therefore, in the same temperature, are strangers to it; while their brothers and relations, exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather above, fall victims—that butchers and others who live almost constantly in the open air, and are hardened by the exposure, enjoy nearly equal immunity—that consumption is hardly known in Russia, where close stoves and houses preserve a uniform temperature—and that in all countries and situations, whether tropical, temperate, or polar, the frequency of the disease bears relation to the frequency of change. We may here remark, also, that it is not consumption alone which springs from changes of temperature, but a great proportion of acute diseases, and particularly of our common winter diseases. In how many cases has the invalid to remark, that if he had not taken cold in such a place, or on such an occasion, he might yet have been well. * *

The following considerations present themselves in this place.—Small rooms in winter are more dangerous to health than large ones, because the cold air, entering towards the fire by the doors or windows, reaches persons before it can be tempered by mixing with the warmer air of the room.—Stoves in halls and staircases are useful, because they warm the air before it enters the rooms; and they prevent the hurtful chills often felt on passing through a cold staircase from one warm room to another. It is important to admit no more cold air into the house than is just required for the fires, and for ventilation; hence there is great error in the common practice of leaving all the chimnies that are not in use, quite open; for each admits as much air as a hole in the wall would do, or a pane deficient in a window.—Perhaps the best mode of admitting air to feed the fires is through tubes, leading directly from the outer air to the fire-place, and provided with what are called throttle valves, for the regula-

tion of the quantity: or the fresh air admitted by tubes may be made first to spread in the room, having been warmed during its passage inwards, by coming near the fire.—In a perfectly close apartment, ventilation must be expressly provided for by an opening near the ceiling, to allow the impure air rising from the respiration of the company to pass away at once; but with an open fire, the purpose is effected by the frequent change of the whole air of the room which that construction occasions.

With a view to have the most perfect security against cold blasts and fluctuation of temperature in rooms intended for invalids, and still to retain the so much valued appearance of the open fire, a glazed frame or window may be placed at the entrance of the chimney, so as completely to prevent the passage of air from the room to the fire. The close room will then be warmed by the fire through the glass, as a green-house is warmed by the rays of the sun. It is true, that the heat of combustion does not pass through glass so readily as the heat of the sun; but the difference is not important. The glass of such a window must, of course, be divided into small panes, and supported by a metallic frame-work; and there must be a flap or door in the frame-work, for the purpose of admitting the fuel and stirring the fire. Air must be supplied to the fire as described above, by a tube leading directly from the external atmosphere. The ventilation of the room may be effected by an opening into the chimney near the ceiling; and the temperature may be regulated with great precision by a valve placed in this opening, and made to obey the dilatation and contraction of a piece of wire affixed to it, the exact length of which at any time will depend on the temperature of the room.—The author first imagined such an arrangement of rooms for the winter residence of a person who was threatened with consumption; and the happy issue of the case, and of others treated on similar principles, has led him to doubt, whether many of the patients with incipient consumption, who are usually sent to warmer climates, and who die there after hardships on the journey, and mental distress from the banishment sufficient to shake even strong health, might not be saved, by judicious treatment in properly warmed and ventilated apartments, under their own roofs, and in the midst of affectionate kindred.

Steam-Engine, a wonderful invention.—It would exceed the prescribed bounds of this work to enter more minutely into the subject; but we may remark that, in the present perfect state of the engine, it appears almost a thing endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of its strokes in a given time, and it counts and records them as a clock does the beats of its pendulum;—it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work;—the briskness of the fire;—the supply of water to the boiler;—the supply of coals to the fire;—it opens and shuts its valves with mathematical precision as to time and manner;—it oils its joints;—it takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts that should be vacuum;—it warns its attendants by ringing a bell when any thing goes wrong which it cannot of itself rectify;—and with all these talents and qualities, and though it have the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child;—its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal, or other combustible;—it consumes none while idle;—it never tires, and wants no sleep;—is not subject to malady when originally well made, and only refuses to

work when worn out with age;—it is equally active in all climates, and will work at any thing;—it is a water-pumper, a minor, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller—indeed, it is of all occupations: and a small engine, in the character of a steam pony, may be seen dragging after it on a rail-road ninety tons of merchandize, or a regiment of soldiers, with speed greater than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the genii of eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man.

Stethoscope.—The fact of solids conveying sound so much more perfectly than air, has lately been applied in medicine to useful purposes. Dr. Laenec, of Paris, proposed, some years ago, to listen to what was going on in the interior of the body, and of the chest particularly, by applying one end of a wooden cylinder, which he called a stethoscope or chest inspector, to the surface, and resting the ear against the other end. The results of this happy thought have been very important. The actions going on in the chest are, the entrance and exit of the air in respiration, the voice, and the motion of the blood in the heart and blood-vessels; and so perfectly do all these declare themselves to a person listening through the stethoscope, that an ear once familiar with the natural and healthy sounds, instantly detects certain deviations from them. Hence this instrument becomes a means of ascertaining diseases in the chest, and their varieties, almost as certainly as if there were convenient windows for visual inspection. And when it is considered that a fourth or fifth part of the inhabitants of Europe die of chest diseases, such as inflammations, abscesses, consumptions, dropsical collections, aneurisms, and other affections of the heart and blood-vessels, each of which requires an appropriate treatment, the importance of the stethoscope may be judged of. By many medical men this instrument was ridiculed at first as quackery and nonsense, and very many have yet to learn the use of it. May not both of these facts be attributed to the error which has existed in medical education up to the present time, of leaving a majority of professional men without that knowledge of the general laws of nature, which should enable them to appreciate at once any means likely to be useful in their art, from whatever quarter it may be offered?

Foreign Quarterly Review. No. I. pp. 318. London, 1827. Treuttel and Co.

MANY may be of opinion that our periodical literature is sufficiently copious already, and that there was no need to add to the number of our journals by one devoted exclusively to the publications of other countries. We, however, are so far from deeming the present undertaking a supererogatory one that we are rather surprised it should not have been attempted before; and if it be objected that it is in some degree superfluous, inasmuch as those who study modern languages can obtain sufficient information relative to continental literature from the journals of the respective countries, we reply that, independently of other obstacles, no one, whatever be his industry, can examine them all, neither do they notice the works of their countrymen always so fully, or from that point of view in which an Englishman would desire to have them shown. But there are at the

present day a large proportion of readers among us who would be very glad to obtain some acquaintance with the most popular authors abroad, and who are yet unacquainted with the language in which they write, or not sufficiently so to read it with advantage. There are too, a number of works of which it may be desirable to have some abstract or analysis, although they are not of a nature to repay the labour of translation.

The present number contains ten articles, some of which are very interesting, and evidently from the pens of writers thoroughly acquainted with the subjects they have undertaken to discuss. Still we must be allowed to observe that if the papers are to extend in future to the same length, the number of works reviewed must be exceedingly limited. There are likewise some equally adapted to any other journal; such, for instance, is that on Berard on the Influence of Civilization on Public Health; and Dutrochet on Vital Motion in Vegetables and Animals. These may probably have been introduced with the view of rendering the work more popular; but the former belongs to statistics and political economy, the latter to physiology, and therefore hardly come within the scope of a journal professing to review foreign literature. And we even doubt whether it was altogether politic, considering the very limited number of subjects, thus, at the very outset to introduce what might seem to imply a want of more appropriate materials. There are but two articles relating to German literature, and the same number to Italian; yet when we look at the list here given of books, published on the continent,—in all 389, although we suspect very far from being complete,—we think it would not have been difficult to have confined the choice to such as belong more properly to general literature.

The first article on Conde's History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain, occupies sixty pages; yet it is so full of interest and information, and treated with such ability, that few will think it too long. It is, we believe, from the pen of the laureat, than whom no one is more conversant with the literature and history of the peninsula. To this succeeds one, on the writings of Hoffmann, the German romance writer, which, as a piece of literary disquisition and criticism, will bear a comparison with any composition of this kind. It would ill become us to draw aside too frequently,—although we have just ventured to do so,—the veil of anonymousness that is the peculiar privilege of periodical writers, we shall therefore suffer the author to remain *unknown*, although we have no doubt that he will be easily recognised. From this article we will give the character of Hoffmann himself, without apologizing for the length of our extract.

‘He appears to have been a man of rare talent,—a poet, an artist, and a musician, but unhappily of a hypochondriac and whimsical disposition, which carried him to extremes in all his undertakings; so his music became capricious,—his drawings caricatures,—and his tales, as he himself termed them, fantastic extravagances. Bred originally to the law, he at different times enjoyed, under the Prussian and other governments, the small appointments of

a subordinate magistrate; at other times, he was left entirely to his own exertions, and supported himself as a musical composer for the stage, as an author, or as a draughtsman. The shifts, the uncertainty, the precarious nature of this kind of existence, had its effect, doubtless, upon a mind which nature had rendered peculiarly susceptible of elation and depression; and a temper, in itself variable, was rendered more so by frequent change of place and of occupation, as well as by the uncertainty of his affairs. He cherished his fantastic genius also with wine in considerable quantity, and indulged liberally in the use of tobacco. Even his outward appearance bespoke the state of his nervous system: a very little man with a quantity of dark-brown hair; and eyes looking through his elf-locks, that—

“E'en like grey goss-hawk's stared wild,”

indicated that touch of mental derangement, of which he seems to have been himself conscious, when entering the following fearful memorandum in his diary:—

“Why, in sleeping and in waking, do I, in my thoughts, dwell upon the subject of insanity? The out-pouring of the wild ideas that arise in my mind may perhaps operate like the breathing of a vein.”

Circumstances arose also in the course of Hoffmann's unsettled and wandering life, which seemed to his own apprehension to mark him as one who “was not in the roll of common men.” These circumstances had not so much of the extraordinary as his fancy attributed to them. For example; he was present at deep play in a watering-place, in company with a friend, who was desirous to venture for some of the gold which lay upon the table. Betwixt hope of gain and fear of loss, distrusting at the same time his own luck, he at length thrust into Hoffmann's hand six gold pieces, and requested him to stake for him. Fortune was propitious to the young visionary, though he was totally inexperienced in the game, and he gained for his friend about thirty Fredericks d'or. The next evening, Hoffmann resolved to try fortune on his own account. This purpose, he remarks, was not a previous determination, but one which was suddenly suggested by a request of his friend to undertake the charge of staking a second time on his behalf. He advanced to the table on his own account, and deposited on one of the cards the only two Fredericks d'or of which he was possessed. If Hoffmann's luck had been remarkable on the former occasion, it now seemed as if some supernatural power stood in alliance with him. Every attempt which he made succeeded—every card turned up propitiously:—

“My senses,” he says, “became unmanageable, and as more and more gold streamed in upon me, it seemed as I were in a dream, out of which I only awaked to pocket the money. The play was given up, as is usual, at two in the morning. In the moment when I was about to leave the room, an old officer laid his hand upon my shoulder, and regarding me with a fixed and severe look, said, ‘Young man, if you understand this business so well, the bank, which maintains free table, is ruined; but if you do so understand the game, reckon upon it securely that the devil will be as sure of you as of all the rest of them.’ Without waiting an answer, he turned away. The morning was dawning when I came home, and emptied from every pocket heaps of gold on the table. Imagine the feelings of a lad in a state of absolute dependance, and restricted to a small sum of pocket-money, who finds himself,

as if by a thunder-clap, placed in possession of a sum enough to be esteemed absolute wealth, at least for the moment! But while I gazed on the treasure, my state of mind was entirely changed by a sudden and singular agony so severe, as to force the cold sweat-drops from my brow. The words of the old officer now, for the first time, rushed upon my mind in their fullest and most terrible acceptation. It seemed to me as if the gold, which glittered upon the table, was the earnest of a bargain by which the Prince of Darkness had obtained possession of my soul, which never more could escape eternal destruction. It seemed as if some poisonous reptile was sucking my heart's blood, and I felt myself fall into an abyss of despair."

"Then the ruddy dawn began to gleam through the window, wood and plain were illuminated by its beams, and the visionary began to experience the blessed feeling of returning strength, to combat with temptations, and to protect himself against the infernal propensity, which must have been attended with total destruction. Under the influence of such feelings Hoffmann formed a vow never again to touch a card, which he kept till the end of his life. "The lesson of the officer," says Hoffmann, "was good, and its effect excellent." But the peculiar disposition of Hoffmann made it work upon his mind more like an empiric's remedy than that of a regular physician. He renounced play less from the conviction of the wretched moral consequences of such a habit, than because he was actually afraid of the evil spirit in person.

"In another part of his life, Hoffmann had occasion to show, that his singularly wild and inflated fancy was not accessible to that degree of timidity connected with insanity, and to which poets, as being of "imagination all compact," are sometimes supposed to be peculiarly accessible. The author was in Dresden during the eventful period when the city was nearly taken by the allies, but preserved by the sudden return of Bonaparte and his guards from the frontiers of Silesia. He then saw the work of war closely carried on, venturing within fifty paces of the French sharpshooters while skirmishing with those of the allies in front of Dresden. He had experience of a bombardment: one of the shells exploding before the house in which Hoffmann and Keller, the comedian, with bumpers in their hands to keep up their spirits, watched the progress of the attack from an upper window. The explosion killed three persons; Keller let his glass fall, —Hoffmann had more philosophy; he tossed off his bumper and moralized: "What is life!" said he, "and how frail the human frame that cannot withstand a splinter of heated iron!" He saw the field of battle when they were crammed with naked corpses the immense fosses which form the soldier's grave; the field covered with the dead and the wounded,—with horses and men; powder waggons which had exploded, broken weapons, schakos, sabres, cartridge-boxes, and all the relics of a desperate fight. He saw, too, Napoleon in the midst of his triumph, and heard him ejaculate to an adjutant, with the look and the deep voice of the lion, the single word "Voyons." It is much to be regretted that Hoffmann preserved but few memoranda of the eventful weeks which he spent at Dresden during this period, and of which his turn for remark and powerful description would have enabled him to give so accurate a picture. In general, it may be remarked of descriptions concerning warlike affairs, that they resemble plans rather than

paintings; and that, however calculated to instruct the tactician, they are little qualified to interest the general reader. A soldier, particularly, if interrogated upon the actions which he has seen, is much more disposed to tell them in the dry and abstracted style of a gazette, than to adorn them with the remarkable and picturesque circumstances which attract the general ear. This arises from the natural feeling, that, in speaking of what they have witnessed in any other than a dry and affected professional tone, they may be suspected of a desire to exaggerate their own dangers,—a suspicion which, of all others, a brave man is most afraid of incurring, and which, besides, the present spirit of the military profession holds as amounting to bad taste. It is, therefore, peculiarly unfortunate, that when a person unconnected with the trade of war, yet well qualified to describe its terrible peculiarities, chances to witness events so remarkable as those to which Dresden was exposed in the memorable 1813, he should not have made a register of what could not have failed to be deeply interesting. The battle of Leipsig, which ensued shortly after, as given to the public by an eye-witness —M. Shoberl, if we recollect the name aright —is an example of what we might have expected from a person of Hoffmann's talents, giving an account of his personal experience respecting the dreadful events which he witnessed. We could willingly have spared some of his grotesque works of diablerie, if we had been furnished, in their place, with the genuine description of the attack upon, and the retreat from Dresden, by the allied army, in the month of August, 1813. It was the last decisive advantage which was obtained by Napoleon, and being rapidly succeeded by the defeat of Vandamme, and the loss of his whole corps d'armée, was the point from which his visible declension might be correctly dated. Hoffmann was also a high-spirited patriot,—a true, honest, thorough-bred German, who had set his heart upon the liberation of his country, and would have narrated with genuine feeling the advantages which she obtained over her oppressor. It was not, however, his fortune to attempt any work, however slight, of an historical character, and the retreat of the French army soon left him to his usual habits of literary industry and convivial enjoyment.

"It may, however, be supposed, that an imagination which was always upon the stretch received a new impulse from the scenes of difficulty and danger through which our author had so lately passed. Another calamity of a domestic nature must also have tended to the increase of Hoffmann's morbid sensibility. During a journey in a public carriage, it chanced to be overturned, and the author's wife sustained a formidable injury on the head, by which she was a sufferer for a length of time.

"All these circumstances, joined to the natural nervousness of his own temper, tended to throw Hoffmann into a state of mind very favourable, perhaps, to the attainment of success in his own peculiar mode of composition, but far from being such as could consist with that right and well-balanced state of human existence, in which philosophers have been disposed to rest the attainment of the highest possible degree of human happiness. Nerves which are accessible to that morbid degree of acuteness, by which the mind is incited, not only without the consent of our reason, but even contrary to its dictates, fall under the condition deprecated in the beautiful Ode to Indifference:—

"Nor peace, nor joy, the heart can know,
Which, like the needle, true,
Turns at the touch of joy or wo,
But, turning, trembles too."

The pain which in one case is inflicted by an undue degree of bodily sensitiveness, is in the other the consequence of our own excited imagination; nor is it easy to determine in which the penalty of too much acuteness or vividness of perception is most severely exacted. The nerves of Hoffmann in particular were strung to the most painful pitch which can be supposed. A severe nervous fever, about the year 1807, had greatly increased the fatal sensibility under which he laboured, which acting primarily on the body speedily affected the mind. He had himself noted a sort of graduated scale concerning the state of his imagination, which, like that of a thermometer, indicated the exaltation of his feelings up to a state not far distant, probably, from that of actual mental derangement. It is not perhaps, easy to find expressions corresponding in English to the peculiar words under which Hoffman classified his perceptions: but we may observe that he records, as the humour of one day, a deep disposition towards the romantic and religious; of a second, the perception of the exalted or excited humorous; of a third, that of the satirical humorous; of a fourth, that of the excited or extravagant musical sense; of a fifth, a romantic mood turned towards the unpleasing and the horrible; on a sixth, bitter satirical propensities excited to the most romantic, capricious, and exotic degree; of a seventh, a state of quietism of mind open to receive the most beautiful, chaste, pleasing, and imaginative impressions of a poetical character; of an eighth, a mood equally excited, but accessible only to ideas the most unpleasing, the most horrible, the most unrestrained at once and most tormenting. At other times, the feelings which are registered by this unfortunate man of genius, are of a tendency exactly opposite to those which he marks as characteristic of his state of nervous excitement. They indicate a depression of spirits, a mental callousness to those sensations to which the mind is at other times most alive, accompanied with that melancholy and helpless feeling which always attends the condition of one who recollects former enjoyments in which he is no longer capable of taking pleasure. This species of moral palsy is, we believe, a disease which more or less affects every one, from the poor mechanic who finds that his *hand*, as he expresses it, *is out*, that he cannot discharge his usual task with his usual alacrity, to the poet whose muse deserts him when perhaps he most desires her assistance. In such cases wise men have recourse to exercise or change of study; the ignorant and infatuated seek grosser means of diverting the paroxysm. But that which is to the person whose mind is in a healthy state, but a transitory though disagreeable feeling, becomes an actual disease in such minds as that of Hoffmann, which are doomed to experience in too vivid perceptions in alternate excess, but far most often and longest in that which is painful,—the influence of an over-excited fancy."

"The death of this extraordinary person took place in 1822. He became affected with the disabling complaint called *tabes dorsalis*, which gradually deprived him of the power of his limbs. Even in this melancholy condition he dictated several compositions, which indicate the force of his fancy, particularly one fragment, entitled *The Recovery*, in which are

many affecting allusions to the state of his own mental feelings at this period; and a novel, called *The Adversary*, on which he had employed himself even shortly before his last moments. Neither was the strength of his courage in any respect abated; he could endure bodily agony with firmness, though he could not bear the visionary terrors of his own mind. The medical persons made the severe experiment whether by applying the actual cautery to his back by means of glowing iron, the activity of the nervous system might not be restored. He was so far from being cast down by the torture of this medical martyrdom, that he asked a friend who entered the apartment after he had undergone it, whether he did not smell the roasted meat. The same heroic spirit marked his expressions, that "he would be perfectly contented to lose the use of his limbs, if he could but retain the power of working constantly by the help of an amanuensis." Hoffmann died at Berlin, upon the 25th June, 1822, leaving the reputation of a remarkable man, whose temperament and health alone prevented his arriving at a great height of reputation, and whose works, as they now exist, ought to be considered less as models for imitation than as affording a warning how the most fertile fancy may be exhausted by the lavish prodigality of its possessor.

That this publication may be rendered highly interesting both to those who are and those who are not acquainted with the literary stores of the continent there is no doubt, and we now take our leave of it with our wishes for its success.

Some Account of the Science of Botany.

By JOHN FROST, F. A. S. F. L. S. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Member of the Royal Institution, of the Royal Asiatic Society, &c. &c. 4to. London, 1827. Morgan.

So many and important are the advantages of a knowledge of botany, that we willingly introduce to our readers the pamphlet of Mr. Frost, which is the substance of a preparatory lecture to a course delivered in the theatre of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. For some persons a knowledge of this subject is indispensable, and for many others it is more than an accomplishment. Not to speak of its operation on the mind and the feelings, many of the arts are tributary to it, and those who visit foreign climes should not neglect it.

'Not only may a shipwrecked crew be fed by fruits which require the aid of the botanist to discriminate as to their noxious or esculent properties, but it may even open a new channel of commerce, e. g. the bark of a great portion of the trees which grow in Australasia afford tannin in considerable abundance, so much so, that it has been found worth while to separate it for exportation. New fruits are by its means introduced, for it is the botanist alone that can vouch for their character. But the principal use of botany is in supplying us with medicines for the alleviation of disease; and it will prove a national good, when it shall be made a part of the imperative duty of the medical practitioner to be acquainted with it.'

Mr. Frost divides the history of the science into five æras:—

'1. From Cæsalpinus to Morrison, or from 1583 to 1669.—2. From Morrison to Tournefort, or from 1669 to 1694.—3. From Tournefort to Vaillant, or from 1694 to 1717.—4. From

Vaillant to Linnæus, or from 1717 to 1735.—5. From Linnæus to Smith, or from 1735 to 1791.'

We have not room to follow Mr. F. even through this lecture, but we give it our hearty recommendation, and will close our notice with his view of the merits of Linnæus, who may be said to have perfected the science:—

'Linnæus, who spent the early part of his life in great difficulty, and whose brilliant genius at last overcame all obstacles, first formed a system, on the figure, duration, &c. of the calyx or flower cup; after a time he found many plants that could not be referred to it, and it was not till then that he formed the idea of the sexual system, which now surpasses all others. I will venture to assert, without fear of proof to the contrary, that no plant has been found in any country that could not be referred to one of the twenty-four classes he enumerated. Several botanists have altered it; but, after all, the original is the best, with the alterations so judiciously made by Sir James Edward Smith, who very patriotically purchased the whole of the Herbarium of Linnæus, and he has published many new facts from it, which will ever lay science under great obligations to him. Besides inventing this system, which will be the one adopted in this course, he also described plants according to their natural affinities, and has left us fifty-five families. This brings under our immediate notice the present famous natural system of de Jussieu, which is now so generally followed, almost to the entire exclusion of the Linnæan. No person can deny the brilliancy of the talents of Jussieu, so conspicuous in all his luminous writings, and throughout his system; yet to be impartial, it must be conceded that there are many plants which cannot be referred to any of his natural orders, the number of which exceeds an hundred, and they are approached by so many points, that it requires no ordinary memory to be able to classify plants according to its rules; and had the Linnæan no other recommendation than its simplicity and easy application, that alone would be sufficient to give it a pre-eminence.'

An Essay on Banking, and on the Means of preventing Forgery. By T. JOPLIN. Baldwin and Co. 1827.

SINCE the establishment of branches of the bank of England in several of the large manufacturing towns, and the local influence which such establishments must have, especially by the late reduction in the rate of discount, in substituting bank of England paper in lieu of the local notes of the provincial banks, the subject of banking has engaged the attention not only of the parties most interested, but also of the members of the legislature. It is doubtful how far the interference of the legislature may be advisable or proper in mercantile affairs generally. It is in most cases preferable to let the speculations of individuals or of trading companies find their own level, but the trade of a banker forms, perhaps, the only exception to the rule, from the powerful influence of his transactions on the circulating medium of the country; and this is more especially the case with that overgrown money-lending corporation, the bank of England. The author of the *Essay on Banking* proves himself to be practically acquainted with the subject in all

its bearings. His work contains some very judicious observations on the principles which ought to be kept in view by all those who establish banking concerns, in order to give stability to their operations, and limit their issues to the actual demands of the immediate district; and which principles, if they had been acted on, would have prevented many of the ruinous consequences which we have witnessed within the last ten years from the scandalous and fraudulent failures of many provincial banking concerns.

The parties (whatever may be the respectability of their connections) who establish a provincial bank, and make a forced issue of paper-money infinitely beyond the amount of their actual *available* property, are virtually as culpable as any of those swindlers who carry on a system of accommodation bills, until the failure of one link in the chain precipitates all parties who have any property into the ruinous vortex of the law; while the infamous projectors too often escape scot free by an insolvent court.

But the most interesting portion to the general reader of the work before us is that part which relates to the prevention of forgery. The author very justly censures the directors of the bank of England for the apathy they manifest on this highly important subject. It seems perfectly inexplicable that the most obscure banking firm in the country should pay more attention to the means or prevention of forgery than the directors of the bank. Are these gentlemen so callous, or so sordid, as to care nothing for the lives of their fellow creatures, or the quantum of crime and misery which is the result of their system, by holding out a temptation to the lowest class of engravers to copy their notes? or, by throwing the loss of such spurious notes as get into circulation upon the individual who may be so unfortunate as to receive it for the hire of his weekly toil? The obstinacy manifested by the bank in adhering to their old form of note, notwithstanding the beautiful specimens of engraving which have been submitted to their notice, is, in fact, a disgrace to any public body of men, and the remarks of Mr. Joplin on the subject are not only just, but worthy of very serious attention. He considers the specimens of bank notes which have been manufactured by Messrs. Perkins and Heath as by far the best calculated to prevent all temptation to forgery. The principal merit of these specimens arises from the mode of engraving by machinery, adopted by these gentlemen for the ornamental or device parts of the note. The engraving both by hand and machinery is altogether executed by first-rate artists; but it is contended by Messrs. Perkins and Co. that the machine engraving of their notes *could not possibly be imitated by hand*, and that independent of the difficulty of getting the necessary machinery fabricated for the manufacture of such notes, the cost of such apparatus would amount from eight hundred to a thousand pounds!—a sufficient bar to any individual engaging in such a perilous enterprize as the fabrication of bank paper!

Whether the bank of England, by the recent extension of their circulation in those

counties (Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.) where forgery has been always most prevalent, may not greatly contribute to the increase of offence, remains to be seen. The provincial papers of the present week even tell us of a successful forgery being already detected on the notes of the Manchester branch bank; but to what extent the notes may be circulated cannot of course be ascertained, where the mercantile transactions are of such vast amount as in the town of Manchester and adjacent district. We must, however, close our review by recommending most seriously to the directors of the bank the important duty they owe the public in paying every possible attention to the prevention of forgery. The question is one in which not only the security and stability of the national bank, but the welfare of the whole community are deeply involved.

The Dwarf of Westerbourg; from the German of J. C. SPIETZ. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 500. London, 1827. Morgan.

THIS is a work against which we would pre-eminently guard all our readers, who are desirous of preserving the purity of their morals. No surer method could they take to produce and spread vicious principles and practices than by encouraging such works; and yet the author tells us of its *sound moral*!! Good God! when the work is full of what is filthy and abominable, it is most absurd to hope for its conducing to the interests of religion or morals. We shall not pollute our pages by a relation of its story, much less by any extracts. That it may have met with 'popularity' is very possible; but we think not among those persons who respect the judgment of *The Literary Chronicle*.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare, complete in one Volume; with a Life of the Poet, by C. Symmons, D. D.; a Glossary; and Fifty Embellishments. 8vo. pp. 868. London, 1827. Carpenter and Son.

LITTLE more is necessary in reviewing a reprint of Shakspeare's plays than to describe the style in which it may be got up; in this case the fulness of the title well explains the work. Of our immortal bard's dramas, there ever must be new editions to suit the taste or convenience of the public; this is beautifully printed, by Whittingham of Chiswick, on fine paper, folded to the size of ordinary note paper, and is made to contain the whole of them. The embellishments consist of well executed wood engravings, including a portrait of the author; the volume altogether merits high praise; and is as neat, compact, and cheap a work as can be desired.

The Voice of Humanity. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1827. Sherwood and Co.

SUCH is the title of a very important pamphlet now lying on our table, and which is more fully described to contain 'observations on a few of the instances of cruelty to animals, against which no legislative provision is made; abstracts of the present acts of parliament available to the cause of humanity, with full remarks on their application; and hints on the formation and regulation of so-

cieties for the prevention of cruelty to animals.' Painful it is to witness the scenes which daily occur of cruelty in respect of the brute creation. Have they not feelings equally with man? and that they suffer at all, is it not through man's fault? Is it right, then, to put them to unnecessary pain, and especially when they have not the power of defending themselves? Dr. Chalmers has written excellently on this subject; and those who regard not the 'lives of their beasts' would do well to read his observations, and the very comprehensive pamphlet we have now to recommend.

Mechanic's Magazine; Royal Number, with a Portrait of the King, and three Views of the New Palace.

IN addition to the usual quantity of matter and cuts, the publishers have, in this number, given an exceedingly well executed portrait of his Majesty, for the sum of three-pence! This plate is fully equal to any of the heads engraved for periodical works, and were it sold separately, would be thought worth half-a-crown. The views of the palace, which we believe are the first hitherto published, convey a very fair idea of the style of the architecture, and are accompanied by observations, in the justness of which we perfectly coincide. Of the elevation towards the park, the whole composition is crowded, confined, and consists of trifling parts; nor is there a single feature of grandeur—certainly not one at all to be compared to the truly beautiful portico of Carlton House. That there is some *prettiness* we do not deny, but in such an edifice we look for other qualities. The garden front is better, but even here there is nothing majestic, nor much originality, except it be that the architect has divided it into what may be considered four *corps de logis*, each containing four windows on a floor, and uniting four pavilions, each one window in width, and a semicircular projection in the centre, with five windows, and surmounted by a dome. This latter has not sufficient boldness for the situation it occupies; while the other divisions are not only too numerous for the extent of the building, but not sufficiently varied. The design, too, indicates too many small rooms internally, and the windows appear too crowded. We do not quote any of the subjoined remarks, as from its extraordinary cheapness, we presume this number will be in the hands of almost every one. It should seem to be the intention of the publishers to give a series of architectural subjects, as they announce views of the new entrance to Hyde Park, the new bridge over the Serpentine, and the royal kitchens at the Pavilion, Brighton.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Les Obseques de Kosciuszko aux Tombeaux des Rois de Pologne, Poeme suivi de notes historiques, etc.; par le Comte de la GARDE. Second Edition, dediée à Mr. Canning, Premier Ministre de l'Angleterre. 8vo. Londres, 1827. Chez Treuttel et Wurtz.

THE Polish General Kosciuszko was one of those extraordinary men that have astonished the age in which we live. The world is no

stranger to his brilliant exploits, and his endeavours to establish the independence of his native country. His very name constitutes an eulogium by itself, which posterity now claims as its due. Accordingly, our present article is not devoted to him, and indeed an attempt at his panegyric would be liable to the censure attached to the ancient sophist who composed a laboured eulogium on Hercules.

In the year 1818, when the ashes of this brave man were transported from Switzerland, where he died, to the city of Cracow, M. de la Garde was present at the mournful ceremony of the last honours paid to the illustrious dead. The melancholy muse inspired him with an elegiac poem suitable to the occasion, and adapted to the character of the deceased. It consists of no more than fourteen pages, but in order to magnify it in the eyes of the public, the author has enriched it with a preface, and forty-eight pages of notes and commentary to elucidate its meaning to its readers.

La Bruyere observes in a certain passage—*when the perusal of a book elevates our minds and inspires us with noble and virtuous sentiments, let us not look for rules of criticism to determine the merit of the author.* Sterne has a sentiment nearly to the same effect; and our author expresses his wish to be judged by the same standard, and gives us to understand that the senate of Cracow has bestowed on him the rights of citizenship, and has enrolled his poem in the archives of their city. That's all very fortunate, but the present age abounds in quibblers and cavillers, whom the most grave authorities do not influence or prejudice. However, the precious intelligence conveyed by the author will prevent these rigid critics from dropping any censure on a poem enrolled in the archives of Cracow. The author bewailed the death of his hero in 1818, and first published his verses in that year. But a period of ten years is too short to allow his grief to evaporate; his courage and perseverance keep pace with his sorrow. Accordingly, in 1827, he has collected his scattered tears, and his generous pity exposes them to the warm sun of England, collecting them in the form of a tribute, and in a second edition, to be laid at the feet of the Prime Minister, as a testimonial of his constancy and grief.

By this time, the Emperor Alexander had given a representative constitution to his kingdom of Poland, and laid the foundation of the future prosperity of that unhappy country, which had been torn by war and anarchy during a period of thirty years. Such a circumstance was too favourable to be passed over in silence, and our poet has seized the opportunity of introducing the name of the imperial hero into his verses. This concurrence was not to be lost, and the author, in addition to this happy inspiration, has inserted a long note, in which, after bestowing the highest compliments on that august personage, and decking him out with the epithets of great, just, and magnanimous, which poetical enthusiasm never fails to inspire into lofty souls, he is seized with a sudden flight, and apostrophising the Poles in a strain of tower-

ing and pathetic sublimity, conjures them to love, cherish, and revere this beneficent prince as the founder of their liberty, prosperity, and happiness.

But let not the pedants interrupt these soft and pleasing illusions; let them not weary us with the repetition of the dry and caustic maxim, that praise should not be lavished on a man who is still alive, for this plain reason, that he may give the lie to those lofty encomiums, and deviate into crime before death arrests his career. But these, it seems, are trifles that are not to be endured. For let a poet paint after nature during the period in which he lives, and then be found to be a false prophet respecting future events, yet nobody is deceived. The world is very indulgent in this respect, and much more so than is generally imagined. The Emperor Alexander assumed, even in 1818, the character of a liberal, and gloried in being a pupil of Laharpe; it is well known that he told Napoleon, at the interview at Tilsit, that a hereditary throne was a species of injustice, because the sovereignty of the people was alone hereditary; and that, subsequently, he promised liberty to all the nations of Europe, in order to arm them against France. Under this point of view, who can impute it as a crime to a poet not to be a true prophet? who can forget that his conduct is amply justified by the example of all courtly poets in ancient and in modern times? But here malignant sneerers will interrupt the tide of courtly flattery, and exclaim, 'we know that when Alexander found himself to be the strongest, he ceased to dissemble, and betrayed the hopes which he had excited; he erected himself into a dictator at the Congresses of Laybach and Verona, destroyed the publicity of parliamentary discussion in Poland, filled the deserts of Siberia with exiles, and Europe with his spies, and revived that profound and historical maxim, that force constitutes justice and law. Would it not then have been common justice in the author, when he meditated a second edition of his poem, in 1827, to suppress this note with all the paltry compliments which it contains, and not, by its repetition, coldly to insult the tears of twenty millions of Italians, and twelve millions of Spaniards, as well as all the inhabitants of Russia, Poland, and Germany? What good purpose does it serve to bring again to light the exaggerated praises of virtue, proved to be hypocrisy by subsequent criminal events? Is he indeed ignorant of the facts? or do not the public papers find their way into the numerous brilliant mansions that are ornamented by the presence of the Comte de la Garde? Is it not moreover a species of absurdity to dedicate a work, defiled by so many odious falsehoods and delusions, to a man whose generous policy, after raising the Americans from their state of degradation, and hoisting the standard of independence in Portugal, has now taken a flight to Greece, to efface, by a single effort, the crimes and massacres of six years? Peace to you, pedants! all this is idle declamation in your eyes, and you should preserve consistency on your own side. You have frequently complained that the fine dis-

course which the virtuous Seneca delivered, in the name of his virtuous pupil, to the senate of Rome, has not been preserved entire, and come down to instruct the most distant posterity. We may easily imagine that the shade of Kosciuszko would be delighted if his bard, by cancelling this note, had manifested a sense of shame, and a tolerable portion of judgment. But what a loss would the literature of Europe incur in a note drawn up in so fine a style, and so full of genuine pathos and emotion! Upon these grounds, we freely applaud and thank the author for the precious morsel which he has preserved.

ORIGINAL.

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

'Mine eyes wont lose the sight of thine,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.'
OTWAY.

AH! why should I repine,
Though captive now I be,
Whilst such dear love as thine
Is life and light to me;
The sun's resplendent beam,
That gladdens earth and sky,
Hath lent its radiant beam
To lighten up thine eye.
Thy tears devoid of guile,
Are morning's dewy balm,
And cradled in thy smile,
Lies Dian's lulling calm;
The dainty bee that sips
Fresh bliss from blooming bowers,
Might press thy honey lips,
Nor miss the sweetest flowers.
The while thy cheeks reveal
The rose's vermeil bloom,
Each fragrant plant might steal
From every sigh perfume;
Then why should I repine,
Though captive now I be,
Whilst thou canst thus combine
All Nature's charms in thee. G. D. R.

THE BREATH IN SINGING AND SPEECH.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I was much interested by some remarks of Dr. Bailey's which I met with in a late number of your very much improved and improving journal on the Alliance of Music, Poetry, and Oratory; particularly with what relates to the management of the breath, a matter of no small importance to the vocalist, whether songster or declaimer, not only as regards the power and harmony of expressive intonation, but with respect to the health of the performer. In the latter point of view, the importance is indeed so great, that whereas much practice and exercise of the voice, whether in singing or declaiming, when the breath is discreetly and properly managed, is eminently promotive of general health; in the same degrees of such exertions, they are, with certain, too common habits of mismanagement, highly exhausting and injurious, and have even a tendency to bring on symptoms of consumption.

Nothing can be more true than what Dr. Bailey observes, that 'there can be no command of the voice, either in speaking or singing, without a perfect command of the breath, which, therefore, should be gained by learning to draw up the breath *without any noise*.'

With respect to the *quickness* with which this should be done, so far as that quickness may depend upon any eagerness of effort, I am not equally certain. It may, for aught I know, be necessary in singing; for I have no practical experience in song, but I have been very particular in observing the process of some of the best Italian singers, both on the stage and in concert rooms, and even in private parties, where I have been close enough for minute inspection; and I have observed that, in such examples, the chest has generally been sufficiently filled, and extended *without any apparent effort*; and in *speaking*, however energetically, I am confident that, with the precautions to which I am about to allude, the less of sensible effort is made for the reinhalation of air into the lungs, the more free and efficient will be the command of the orator or declaimer over the powers and intonations of the vocal organs. In short, it appears to me that if all improper actions of the volition are avoided, the atmospheric air, merely by its own stimulus and elasticity, and its consequent tendency to rush into any comparative vacuum, will always keep the lungs sufficiently supplied for the vocal purposes of those who take care 'to let as little breath expire at a time as possible;' that is to say, no more than what is necessary to the quantum of effect that should be produced; for, let it be observed, that throwing out more breath than is requisite, is not only fatiguing and inconvenient to the speaker or singer, but also equally hostile to the melody, sweetness, and richness of the tones.

But to proceed to the object of this communication. It has often occurred to me that maxims in themselves very correct, and in their objects highly important, frequently lose their practical efficacy by not adding the *how* to the *what*. The intermediate links of causation between the will and the effect (not in all instances very easily discernible, but by the rare habit of practical and observant analysis) are apt to be overlooked by the teacher, who though he dictates with sufficient sagacity what ought to be done, frequently neglects to point out the process by which we are to do it. Thus, for example, with respect to the offensive and injurious habit of *audible* inspiration, so common in theatrical declamation, especially among the *heroines* of the buskin (and known and stigmatized by the name of the *tragedy pump*), and which is also one of the frequent ill habits of our English singers, Dr. Bailey is very correct in dictating that the vocalist 'should learn to draw up the breath without any noise;' but should he not have added that, in order to secure this desideratum, care should be taken that the air be admitted through the *nostrils* only; that during the inhalation the mouth should be as it were hermetically sealed; in which case all pumping and audible inspiration, and the consequent comparative untuning of the voice will be effectually precluded. Nor let it be suspected that the nostrils of themselves are incompetent to the fullest inspiration that can be for all good purposes required. 'In at the nostrils breathed he the breath of life,' is a max-

im philosophically correct in physics; for the air gulped down through the gaping mouth is the breath rather of disease and death than of life.

Were I to pursue this maxim through all its bearings and appliances, I must send you a long treatise, instead of the brief notice I intended. Suffice it therefore to say, that I believe one of the most important habits that could be attentively superinduced in those who, for the purposes whether of declamation or song, would attain the most effective and healthful command of the breath, is that of systematically keeping the lips firmly closed, whether sleeping or awake, and of opening them only, and that only to the requisite extent, for the emission of the sounds of the voice, and the reception of sustenance.

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SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

Globules in the Blood.—The size of the particles of human blood, is estimated by Dr. Hodgkin at about 1-3000 of an inch diameter. And if a small portion of human or any other blood composed of circular particles, be examined between two plates of glass, in a highly magnifying microscope, considerable agitation is seen to take place at first among the particles; but, as this subsides, they evince a sort of polarity, by attaching themselves towards each other, in the form of piles or rouleaux of coin, visible to a considerable extent. These piles again combine among themselves, the end of one being attached to the side of another. This crystalization, or tendency to polarity in living blood, observed by Dr. Hodgkin, negatives the opinion of Sir Everard Home, as to the nature of the blood.

Ante-diluvian remains.—Dr. Buckland, the geological professor at Oxford, recommends all those travellers who are desirous of exploring caves in search of organic remains, to select the lowest part of any of those natural caverns where the diluvial mud may have been deposited, and then dig through the stalegmatic crust (or calcareous deposit) and seek for the teeth or other fossil bones which usually lie embedded in the mud beneath. In pursuing this plan, during a late visit to the continent, the doctor discovered a vast mass of fossil bones of the bear and other animals in a cave near Besançon, which had never been suspected to contain animal remains, though the cavern was constantly visited by strangers from its romantic situation.

Improved Paddles for Steam Vessels.—A considerable improvement (for which a patent has been granted) has been made in the paddle work for propelling steam boats, by a Mr. John Gladwin. Instead of the ordinary paddle wheels, the patentee proposes to have two revolving axles carried through the ship's side, one near the bows and the other near the quarter, these axles carrying iron pullies or wheels, with projecting pins or teeth, and an endless chain, having projecting plates or paddles, passing over the surface of the two wheels on each side, the motion being given by the engine in the usual way. The advantages contemplated by the patentee are, that less back-water and less noise and commotion will result from the use of this chain-paddle, than by the paddle wheels of steam boats in present use. This invention looks well on paper, but experience alone must determine its value. It will perhaps be less liable to derangement in a rough sea, than the paddle wheels.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH.

To the Editor of *The Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—As an old correspondent, perhaps you will allow me to afford your readers some information on a subject to which you were pleased, last week, briefly to allude—the delay in the repairing the parish church of St. Saviour, Southwark. The architect, Mr. Gwilt, is a gentleman of the highest respectability, and utmost competency for the work in which he is engaged, as an inspection of the part already finished will fully demonstrate; nor is the delay complained of, to be attributed, that I am aware, to him; he has, on the contrary, I believe, made every effort to complete that work which he began and has carried on, in a manner so creditable to himself and so much for the honour of the parish. Nor is it, again, to be attributed to a want of spirit in the inhabitants. St. Saviour's parish contains many individuals, who have distinguished themselves by patriotic and charitable exertions, and who, I am sure, would be ready, at any time, to manifest their zeal in a cause so greatly tending to the advancement of religion, and the promotion of the best interests of themselves and the parish at large. It is true, there are not wanting persons—the demolishers of religion—who would rejoice at the destruction of this fine specimen of the pointed Gothic of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—and, as an excuse, would urge its Roman Catholic origin and the uses to which the church may have been appropriated in former times; and the struggle made for its destruction, the beginning of last year, cannot be forgotten. But, thank God, they have not yet been able to accomplish their object: to them Butler has erected the monument; and, as Salmon observes, 'His last work will stand as a lighthouse to posterity, and prove he had too good a title to the name of Vates, when he saw perpetual improvements and constant refinings would end at length in atheism.' It is matter for gratitude the venerable structure has been hitherto preserved; and there is spirit enough in a large portion of the inhabitants to proceed in the repairs, were their means more ample. There are many estates left to the parish for the purposes of charity, but none, or none worth mentioning, which can be appropriated for the purpose, respecting which I write; nor can any help be derived from the fund for the building and repairing of churches; and after having laid out many thousands of pounds, the parish begins to sink under its burden. An application to parliament has been contemplated, but difficulties attend the execution of such a plan. More than £20,000 will be required before the building can be completed. And suffer me, sir, to ask, is there no help, in this case, to be procured? Are there no generous, noble-minded Christians to be found who will aid in the raising of suitable funds? Shall the third sacred edifice in the metropolis be lost to the metropolis, to the nation? And yet if some steps be not quickly taken, this may be the case; the church itself is decaying fast; the most beautiful Virgin Mary's chapel is sinking fast to a ruin. Forbid it, ye who have any regard for religion, who vene-

rate the structures of your pious giant ancestors, who would preserve the relics of olden days;—come forward and rescue the third, I might say *the second*, religious fabric of the metropolis out of the hands of all consuming time. Where is the spirit of *Gower!* who thought not a fortune too much to spend in so good a cause, and of those other great men, whose works have paved their way to celestial glory? Come forward and preserve the venerable pile, connected with some memorable events in English civil and ecclesiastical history, and resting on the remains of many pious and patriotic dead, among whom is to be numbered the great and learned *Andrews*. Surely the work ought to be national, and its completion might be more for national honour than the accomplishment of some other works on which large sums have been expended.

I am, sir, &c.

X. Y.

PROGNOSTICS;

Or, Signs derived from the State of the Atmosphere, the Habits and Conditions of Animals and Vegetables, &c. which indicate Changes of the Weather, and other Phenomena, which it is essential to Agriculturists to anticipate and foreknow.

If astrology, or the art of divination, exhibits only symptoms of human folly and imbecility, yet the same remark will not hold good with those predictions which result from the observations of the circumstances that usually precede the variable changes that take place in the state of the atmosphere. There are but few persons of judgment that have not verified facts, which prove the concatenation of several effects, which in these respects seem to possess no mutual connection, though they are subject at the same time to a real and intimate combination.

The same causes must always produce the same effects, as nature follows a regular process in the general scale, as well as in the details of her operations. Thus it has uniformly been imagined that the study of the variations of the atmosphere, at any given period, would be the means of arriving at a correct knowledge of the same changes subsequently taking place at another. Experience, however, has proved the impossibility of establishing any fixed system on this subject, although the calculations founded on actual experience will not be disputed or disproved. It seems, then, that the most learned dissertations on this point are not more useful to the agriculturists than the foolish *Almanack de Liege*, which is so frequently in their hands, and which makes them the slaves of the most absurd and ridiculous prejudices.

Aratus, a Greek physician, who was established at Soli, in Asia Minor, published, two thousand and eighty years ago, a poem on prognostics, which has come down to our times, and which contains but few errors. I would here insert a translation of it, if it was not too long, and if I did not possess the means of indemnifying your readers for it, in a work, by Toaldo, on the Signs of the Changes of the Weather, which is much more concise, complete, and systematic, and at the same time more capable of abridgment.

Toaldo has divided his prognostics (most of which I have verified) into three classes; those drawn from the atmosphere, those deduced from terrestrial objects, and those which result from observations on animals.

He might also have deduced some from the vegetable tribes.

Prognostics drawn from the Atmosphere.

1st. If the stars lose their brightness when no clouds appear in the heavens, it is a sign of a storm.

2nd. If the stars appear larger than ordinary, or nearer to each other than usual, it is a sign of a coming change in the weather.

3rd. When lightning is perceived near the horizon without any cloud, it is a sign of heat and fine weather.

4th. Thunder in the evening announces a storm; in the morning, it forebodes wind; and at noon, it is indicative of rain.

5th. Continual thunder prognosticates a hurricane, or a very boisterous storm.

6th. A deeply coloured rainbow, or a double one, announces a continuance of rain.

7th. The whitish circles that appear round the sun, the moon, and the stars, are signs of rain.

8th. When rain smokes as it falls, it is a sign that rain will fall abundantly, and for a long time.

9th. If after a small shower, there appears hovering over the ground a cloud resembling smoke, it is a sign of a heavy fall of rain.

10th. Those clouds that descend near the earth after rain, and seem to undulate over the fields, are signs of fine weather.

11th. If a fog appears after foul weather, it indicates a cessation of it.

12th. But if the fog comes on during fine weather, and rises, leaving behind it slight mists, bad weather inevitably follows.

13th. If any parheliions appear (two suns) it is a symptom of approaching snow and cold.

14th. Lightning in winter is a sign of approaching snow, wind, or storms.

15th. Fleecy clouds are, in summer, indicative of wind; in winter, of snow.

16th. If the horizon is stript of clouds, and no wind blows, except the north, it is a certain sign of fine weather.

17th. If, after much wind, a white frost ensues that evaporates into a fog, bad and unwholesome weather is the consequence.

18th. In the climate of Paris, the south-west wind is that which most frequently brings rain; and the east wind is that which most rarely accompanies it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FINE ARTS.

Retreats, a Series of Designs, consisting of Plans and Elevations for Cottages, Villas, and Ornamental Buildings. By J. THOMSON, Architect. 4to. with forty coloured plates. London, 1827. Taylor.

WE have been very agreeably mistaken in this volume, for judging from the general character of collections of this kind, we did not expect to find so much taste and originality combined with so much economy. There has been no want of publications professing to exhibit designs for rural dwellings of almost every description, from the cottage orné to the classical villa; but with here and there an exception, the subjects have been rather examples of what ought to be avoided

than what should be adopted,—by no means such as would at all contribute to improve the public taste; or rather, they may be said to have complied with a barbarous affection of whimsicality and cockneyism. We have had picturesque cottages, as fantastical, but at the same time as unpicturesque as possible; and villas, so villainous in point of design, so destitute of all architectural beauty or grace, that a mere brick and sashed front was infinitely preferable.

There are, in this country, many splendid mansions and seats; but, besides these, there are very few residences either displaying or even aiming at any architectural character; or which, how agreeable they may be as residences, present any thing attractive in their appearance, as buildings. Never has there been a greater impulse given to architecture than at the present day, but it has rather been employed in decorating our cities with public edifices, than in embellishing private residences, at least not those of a secondary rank. The time, however, is arrived, when those who build are anxious to display some degree of external decoration in the structures they erect, be the scale ever so limited, and to such we can conscientiously recommend the present very elegant and attractive volume, assuring them they will find in it examples of various styles, all displaying more or less taste, and a considerable degree of picturesque effect. To private gentlemen, this publication will be found particularly adapted, since the subjects are so exhibited, as to prove attractive, even to those who would not relish more scientific and strictly architectural works. A collection of drawings of this nature, showing merely the plan and principal elevation of each building, cannot be supposed to be more than a guide in determining the choice of a design, which must be more fully developed, and modified according to circumstances. Neither is it to be supposed, that on such a scale, the minutest details can be given with accuracy: these must be supplied by the professional man employed to execute the building. The general effect was all that was necessary to be given; and this is here done in a very tasteful manner. In fact, many of our architects might study these designs with considerable advantage: they will find in them many admirable hints of which they might avail themselves, whether as regards the general form of composition, embellishment, or plan. Many of the villas given here are exceedingly tasteful, displaying great variety and novelty; and even the smaller retreats are not only generally very picturesque, but well contrived, as far as regards the refinements of modern life, in which respect they are more luxurions than many stately mansions. The subjects are divided into three classes, viz. cottage residences, villas, and ornamental buildings. The first of these are, as may be expected, rather irregular in their structure, and here more depends upon the contrast of different features, and on skilful effects of light and shade, than on the finish of the details. And easy as it may appear at first sight to design buildings of this kind, they are in reality the touchstone of an architect's taste; for being left

entirely to the direction of his own feeling and fancy, he has no rules to guide him, whereas, in regular architecture, it is not for want of them that he will err, but a little judgment will enable him to produce a correct elevation, even if it be not distinguished by any thing striking or original.

The Ionic villa, plate 23, with its two semicircular colonnades at the extremities, surmounted by circular attics and domes, combines great variety of outline and richness of effect, with simplicity and chastity of style. The Corinthian villa, plate 28, has likewise very great merit, particularly in the arrangement of the portico, which is rather novel; we do not, however, greatly admire the festoons on the frieze; nor do they altogether correspond with the beautiful arabesque in the pannel of the attic superstructure that crowns the roof. Another Corinthian villa, plate 30, is, although with less of originality than the preceding, a most chaste and beautiful adaptation of the Grecian pseudo-peripteros temple, to the purposes of a modern residence; the portico is here converted into a loggia, formed by two columns and two coupled pilasters at each angle, and surmounted by a pediment; and the principal floor is raised on a stylobate, enriched with mouldings, the ascent to the loggia being by a flight of steps, with an intervening resting place.

The ornamental buildings consist of a conservatory, bridge, park-entrance, fishing-lodge, bath, aquatic temple, &c. all of which display considerable invention and refined taste. Were we asked to assign a preference to any one in particular, we should name the bath, as being one of the most elegant and picturesque ideas we have met with, and a most beautiful embellishment for a pleasure-ground. In this elevation, the artist has indulged his fancy in a manner that would startle those, who deem what they are pleased to term the *five orders*, the very essence of architecture; and if in one sense of the term it be not classical, not being itself a copy, it is so in far better sense, namely, that it deserves to be studied as a model of grace; and as an instance of that delicate tact, and that perception of the elements of beauty, which can analyze and recompound them, in new but not less harmonious forms. We have only to add, that the plates are coloured in a superior manner, that the work is not only one of the most satisfactory, but one of the cheapest publications of its kind, and that it reflects very great credit on the skill and taste of its author.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Saturday, a new piece from the pen of Mr. Poole, entitled *Pie-crust Promises, or Gudgeons and Sharks*, was produced at this theatre, and so completely condemned in its progress, that the stage manager, after being repeatedly called for, came forward and assured the house that it was neither the wish nor the interests of the principals of the theatre, that any piece should be forced upon the audience against their inclination, but if they would permit it to proceed, and, when finished, they should think it

unworthy of their support, it would not be repeated. It was accordingly heard (not very patiently,) to an end. Mr. Cooper then announced it for repetition on Monday, but the condemnation was so decided, that the fate of the piece was settled, and it has not been played again. It may excite surprise in those who did not witness the performance, that so experienced and fortunate a dramatist as Mr. Poole, should produce any thing that could merit such unceremonious condemnation; the truth is, that he attempted a comedy of a grave or sentimental cast, the chief points of which are satirical upon a subject more suited for the closet than the stage; the dialogue was consequently tedious in representation, and there was neither ingenuity of plot, nor pathos nor humour, to render it palatable.

On Tuesday the favourite old comedy of *The Way to Keep Him* was played in very excellent style: Madam Vestris personating Lady Belcour, and Miss E. Tree, Mrs. Lovemore, for the first time, and they acquitted themselves admirably. Madam Vestris was undoubtedly the principal attraction of the evening, and her *entrée* was greeted with the most cheering plaudits; her dress, elegant and tasteful, was well adapted to assist her in supporting the grace and dignity which should ever characterize the fascinations of fashionable life. The bewitching playfulness of this lady at her toilette was excellent; her raillery was at all times delightful, and her demeanour to Mrs. Lovemore was not only graceful but sweetly tender and considerate. Mrs. Lovemore, too, played her part with equal effect—so opposite yet so amiable; the delicate expression of the strongest feelings which agitate a woman's heart were finely depicted, and when she assumed the wildness of gaiety she was not less admirable. Mr. Farren played Sir Bashful Constant; Mr. Cooper, Mr. Lovemore; and Mr. Vining, Sir Brilliant Fashion.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Owing to the indisposition of Miss Paton, which one of our contemporaries has called 'disinclination,' the new opera of Spohr's, which was in preparation, has been suspended *sine die*. Miss Kelly has also been obliged to make a temporary retirement from the duties of a Serjeant's Wife, owing to the death of a relative. Miss Betts has made a second appearance in Rosina, and although a tolerably scientific singer of the bravura class, yet the quality of her voice is not of the first order, and she appears also deficient in pathos and expression. Perhaps a little more practice under a good dramatic tutor would also be of great utility to this young lady. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, and in consequence 'every body' out of town, both this theatre and the Haymarket fill almost nightly.

VARIETIES.

Foreign English.—As a literary curiosity, and as a specimen of the extraordinary language foreigners sometimes write, when they intend to write English, we give the following billet, with a copy of which we have been favoured by a friend, and which was actually penned by a young lady at St. Petersburg, to an English acquaintance:—'My dear miss,

parting one of the days for the contrey, I believe that we not have the pleasure to take your agreeable lessons in the town. But we hope, my dear miss, to regain the lose times, to Mourina, who we design that you keep the promess that you we have make of to come to pass some weeks with we. I go this morning with my brother at Karamsin's, because Mister Karamsin is very sick; he is without senses, and he not parlet. I sent you the money that we you debt. I hope you see ours before your departure. I embrassed you, my brother present you her respects.' This composition is hardly to be paralleled, except by boarding-school French, of which the idiom and grammar is pretty nearly as correct.

The Music Meeting, to take place at Worcester, under the patronage of his Majesty, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September, will be of a very superior kind. In addition to Brabam, Stephens, Vaughan, the Knyvetts, Phillips, &c. Pasta, Caradori, and Zuchelli, are engaged. Dr. Crotch has promised the private score of the oratorio of Palestine, written by Heber; and Dr. Chard, from Winchester, will superintend the performance of his own celebrated offertorio.

The Judicious Approval; or, a new Idea of 'Coriolanus.'

Pat, in London just caught, to the theatre went, Where he mightily relished what he called their *janus*—

When asked what the play was, says he, 'What it meant?

Och! a sort of an *Irish* thing—*Carey O' Lanus!*' G. D.

A French chemist has extracted, from one hundred parts of the juice of the melon, one-fifth of well crystallized sugar, possessing the properties of that from the sugar cane.

It is said, Sir J. Macintosh has sold his History of England, now finished, to Messrs. Longman and Co., for 6000 guineas.

Conjugal Tenderness.—Letters from Paris, July 21, mention the death of a magistrate and man of letters, M. Malot, of Avallon, who had given a singular proof of this tenderness. 'On entering his study, after his death, there was found in a secret chest, of which he alone kept the key, the body of his wife, who had been dead twenty-five years, embalmed and admirably preserved.'

Rearing Bees.—In Livonia the manner of rearing bees is by making cavities in the trees of a forest, for the purpose of receiving the swarms. The pure air of the higher regions agrees better with the bees than the air inclosed in hives, which receives the exhalations of the earth, and in which contagious diseases sometimes make great ravages.—*Buttner*.

Henry V., when contemplating his expedition into France, in order to raise money, was obliged to mortgage the receipts of certain customs, and many of the crown jewels, a great part of which, with a quantity of plate, were pawned to his soldiers, as security for their wages. 'These contracts tend to impress us with a contemptible opinion of the crown, and of the estimation in which the royal faith was held; for whilst they prove Henry's extreme poverty, they establish the degrading fact, that the humblest esquire in his retinue would not embark under his banner, without receiving a quarter's wages in advance, or a piece of plate, a fragment of the royal diadem, or some other valuable pledge, as security for its payment. This caution could only have arisen from experience of its necessity, and it shows too truly that the laurels that adorned the brows of some of our early monarchs, had been acquired by

services which they repaid with treachery and falsehood.'—*Nicolas's Agincourt*.

College of Surgeons.—Sir A. Cooper has been elected president; and Sir A. Carlisle and H. L. Thomas, Esq., vice-presidents for the ensuing year.

English Works lately Translated into French.—Dr. Lingard's History of England has been admirably translated into French, by M. de Roujoux; the poetical works of the Right Hon. George Canning, have also been translated into French, by M. Benjamin Laroche; and the Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth, by Miss Lucy Aikin, has been translated by Madame Alexandrine Aragon, with notes, by M. Albert Montemont.

The celebrated orientalist, M. Von Hammer, has recently published the first volume of his History of the Turkish Empire, which is to form six vols. 8vo. with maps. This work is the fruit of thirty year's research, in nearly two hundred Turkish, Arabic, and Persian works, independently of those examined on this subject in almost every important library in Europe, amongst which M. Von Hammer cites particularly the collections of Oxford and Cambridge.

Censorship of the Press in France.—The censors, who are allowed from seven to eight thousand francs per annum, commence their labours at eight o'clock in the morning, by reading the daily papers, and collating them with the censored proof sheet sent the preceding night. The insertion of a single line, not sanctioned by their visa, might suspend a publication until a decision pronounced by the tribunals, and hence put its existence in danger. The censors are again occupied from two to four o'clock, and from seven till the close of their day's work of mutilation. The ministerial journals are first attended to; and then those of the opposition, which are not sent back often till near eleven o'clock at night, entailing additional labour, embarrassment, &c. on those concerned with the paper.

A certain Cambrian curate, in performing the morning service for the 13th day of the month, in which is the sixty-eighth Psalm, when he came to the twenty-fifth verse, which runs thus:—

'The singers go before; the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels:'—metamorphosed both words and sense, in the following whimsical way; not at all suspecting any error of his own, in either.

'The fingers go before; the ministers follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing with their thimbles.'

Macbeth, as a lyrical tragedy, in three acts, with music by M. Chelard, has lately been produced, by the Royal Musical Academy of Paris.

Luminous Spots near the Horizon.—Mr. Atwater, in a Memoir on the Climate of Ohio, remarks, that before a storm, he has often noticed, in an evening of the latter part of autumn, and sometimes in the winter, a phenomenon which he never saw on the east side of the Alleghanies. Some one spot, or spots, near the horizon, in a cloudy night, appeared so lighted up, that the common people believed there was some great fire in the direction from which the light came. He had seen at once two or three of these luminous spots not far from each other; generally there was but one, and a storm invariably proceeding from the same point near the horizon, succeeded in a few hours.—*Silliman's Journal*.

New Remedy for Inflammable Gas of Coal-Mines.—Although the use of the safety-lamp affords tolerable security against the 'fire damp' or carburetted hydrogen gas prevailing in most coaleries, yet the unfortunate labourers cannot be prevailed on to adopt its use generally, many accidents having taken place in the northern coaleries and in Wales during the last six months. We are therefore gratified to hear that the chloride of lime, which has been found so efficacious in destroying putrid miasma and animal effluvia in general, is equally efficacious in destroying the inflammable gas of coal-pits. A gentleman of the name of Fincham read an interesting paper on this subject before the Royal Society, at a late sitting; and he is still pursuing his experiments on a more extended scale, so as to render the process sufficiently economical for its adoption by coal owners. So far as this liquid was tried in different parts of a colliery, known to be greatly infested with inflammable gas, it was perfectly satisfactory in preventing explosion.

The whole of Canton has lately abounded, with theatrical exhibitions in honour of the god of fire—called, in the provincial dialect, *Wakwong tae tei*, of flowery Ham the great emperor; they are generally of an immoral character; and it appears, by a fire which happened on a late occasion, his imperial majesty has not been able to preserve 200 shops and houses from being consumed.—From a letter dated Oct. 28.

Grouse and other game, when wrapped up in linen, well moistened with equal parts of the pure pyroligneous acid and water, will keep good for many days during the hottest period.—*Gazette of Health.*

Miss Stephens and Miss Kelly are at present plunged into great grief; the former by the death of her father, and the latter by that of her mother.

Encyclopedia Britannica.—The copy-right of this great work, with the whole of the copper-plates, forming part of the literary property belonging to the sequestered estate of Messrs. Constable & Co., was purchased by Mr. Black, of Edinburgh, and there is now some prospect of the design of incorporating the valuable matter in both works, under one alphabet, being carried into effect.

Died, July 21st, Mr. A. Constable, an eminent bookseller and publisher. He greatly encouraged genius which, but for him, would have often slumbered in obscurity. His latter years were clouded by adversity, but his memory will be long cherished by men of letters.

The new Cliff Bridge at Scarbro' is now open: it is 414 feet in length, and about 75 feet high: the length of the promenade from the bridge to the spa, is 350 yards, and its average breadth nine yards. This splendid improvement will add to the attractions of a celebrated watering place.

Arabian Nights Entertainments.—Mr. Von Hammer, some years ago, suggested, upon the authority of Masudi, that the tales of the Thousand and One Nights were not originally Arabian, but Indian, or more properly Persian tales. Mr. V. H. quoted the passage in Masudi, from a MS. at Constantinople, in the possession of Count Italinski, the Russian envoy at the Ottoman Porte. The passage, however, was not to

be found in other MSS.; but Mr. V. H., on a second examination of the Italinski copy at Rome, has verified the fact. Masudi says, these tales were denominated, in the original, Hezar Efsan, or the thousand fables; that the true name of the daughter of the vizir is Chirzadeh, 'born of a lion,' or 'of milk,' that her son, Hamon Dinarzadeh, was her nurse, not her sister, and that the history of Sinbad the Sailor formed no part of the original tales, but is one of the traditions, as Masudi terms them, compounded, like many other translations, from the Persian, the Hindoo, and the Greek languages, in imitation of the Thousand Fables, and subsequently incorporated therewith.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Suspended Respiration.—The Philosophical Magazine for the present month, contains an ingenious paper from a Mr. Edmonston, on the power possessed by aquatic animals furnished with lungs, as the whale, the seal, and the amphibæ generally, in suspending respiration for a given period. It is well known that in all kinds of land animals, the suspension of respiration (even for the space of a minute) produces death; from the venous or carbonated blood destroying the vitality of the brain; and the reason assigned by Mr. Edmonston, why the same result does not take place when marine animals dive and remain for a length of time beneath the surface, is, that the natural or passive state of the blood of such animals approaches much nearer to venous than arterial blood; or, in other words, that the functions of this class of animals do not require the blood to be constantly brought into contact with the atmosphere, in order to be purified by the agency of oxygen.

Six savages, of the fire tribe of the Osages, (four men and two women,) are said to be on their way to France, who have paid their passage with the produce of three years' hunting.

It is said that the cement, or materials of which the roof of the new palace at Buckingham House are composed, is not fire-proof, being composed of coal-tar, sand, and lime.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.—Extract of a letter from Alten, received on Monday:—'Captain Parry and his party, were but fourteen days on their voyage from London to Hammerfest; and they have, in the opinion of the Hammerferstians, but little chance of accomplishing their object. Had they wintered here, they might have looked forward with better hopes of success; as in this case, they might have trained the deer for their particular purpose, which will now be of little service to them. Captain Parry does not place any particular reliance upon their usefulness, other than as they may assist the men, and serve them for provisions when they are knocked up. The expedition having been detained at Hammerfest for a week, we were enabled to supply them with snow shoes of this country, without which, I do not suppose, they could have gone on for a couple of days. Captain Parry instantly saw their superiority over those they had brought with them, which were American. When I talk so confidently, I infer that the snow on the ice, for the first month or six weeks of summer, must be in the same state in which it is now on the mountain here. By the by, we saw in one of the Swedish papers an extract from one of your reviews, that Captain Parry was to take with him, from Spitzbergen, some dogs, or rein deer, for the purpose of drawing his boats, both animals being easily kept on fish. Now, in this country, they feed every animal on fish, except the deer. There are plenty of rein deer in Spitzbergen, of course, in a state of nature, as there are no inhabitants; and I should wish to know how this well informed reviewer would like to be tied on a sledge and be drawn on by half-tamed rein deer, for forty-eight hours, with nothing but the dogs' flesh of Spitzbergen for his food, on which island no dog has existed since the creation?'

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. H. Sparke, M. A., to the rectory of Leverington.

The Rev. — Barber, to the rectory of Little Stukely, Huntingdon.

The Rev. R. Grenside, B. A., to the rectory of Cra-thorne.

The Rev. C. T. Longley, M. A., Senior Proctor of Oxford University, to the rectory of Tytherly, Hants.

The Rev. G. H. Webber, M. A., Vicar of Great Budworth, Cheshire, to the Prebend of Somerly, in the cathedral of Chichester.

The Rev. V. P. H. Somerset, B. A., to the rectory of Honiton, Devon.

The Rev. L. Clarke, fellow of Win hester, Oxford, is said to succeed to the arch-deaconry and prebend vacated by the death of Dr. Daubeny.

The Rev. R. Remington, M. A., of Queen's, Cambridge, to the benefice of chaplain or vicar of the collegiate and parish church of Manchester.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED D. B. D. and H. I. Z.

Georgione, probably, in our next.

Mr. T. R. will hear from us in a few days.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.—Andrews' Travels in South America, two vols. post 8vo. 18s.—Sherwood's Chronology of Ancient History, vol. 2, 6s.—Bulwer's Views in the Madeiras, folio, £3. 3s.—Townley on the Laws of Moses, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Lempriere's Lectures on Natural History, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Wivill's Inquiry into the Authenticity of Shakspeare's Portraits, 8vo. 21s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.	
July 27	60	72	65	30 17	Fair.
..... 28	68	75	53	.. 20	Fair.
..... 29	69	76	65	.. 14	Fine. (Thunder)
..... 30	72	72	55	29 93	Fine.
..... 31	62	68	62	30 26	Fine.
Aug. 1	68	72	60	.. 13	Fine.
..... 2	68	76	65	29 88	Fair.

THE LONDON SUNDAY PAPER,

THE NEWS, is now published so as to be delivered, POST FREE, on the Sunday, in any part of the country within 250 miles of the Metropolis. Orders received by all Newsmen, Post-masters, &c., price 9s. 9d. per quarter. N. B. No advertisements are ever inserted in **THE NEWS**—its columns being filled with the public intelligence of the week.

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